McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and

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ROUSING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY

For Hon. John O. Sheatz, the Next Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

BANNON DEFEATED, SHERMAN WON

Light Vote Polled in the County—Isherwood Carried Bradford—Close Race in the Borough.

Well, it is all over. The Keystone State rolled up a rousing majority for John O. Sheatz, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer. His plurality in the county is about 1,200, which considering the light vote polled, is extremely satisfactory to Republicans in general.

The surprise in the county was the defeat of Hon. A. F. Bannon, Republican candidate for County Treasurer. Republican party workers in general seemed to consider his election an assured fact. Perhaps this confidence did not inspire efforts that would have otherwise been made in his favor. Mr. Isherwood, the successful candidate, was a man practically unknown in politics, until he was placed upon the Democratic ticket to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Robt. W. Hilton of Smethport. He made a thorough canvass of the county and made a good impression upon the voters as is evidenced by his victory over Mr. Bannon, who was generally considered sure of election.

The Bradford Era yesterday morning said: "Mr. Bannon has long been in politics and this is his first defeat. He accepts the situation gracefully and thanks his friends for their support. He is convinced of the fact that promises and pledges are sometimes made in bad faith, and only to be broken."

Bradford's vote was strongly in favor of Isherwood, and although Bannon was slightly ahead in the districts outside the city, the plurality of 355 for Isherwood in Bradford was not overcome.

Unofficial figures give Isherwood's plurality at 311. Outside of Bradford Bannon's plurality is 34.

E. R. Sherman, Republican candidate for Coroner, was elected by a safe majority.

The vote in the borough was as follows: State Treasurer—Sheatz, R. 178; Hartman, D. 80; Stevenson, P. 22; Clark, S. 1. County Treasurer—Bannon, R. 128; Isherwood, D. 122; Love, P. 20; Smith, S. 1. Coroner—Sherman, R. 181; Robison, D. 67; Place, P. 23; Clark, S. 2.

In New York City Tammany was victorious over the fusion movement.

New Jersey elected John Franklin Fort, Republican, governor by a plurality of about 7,000.

Kentucky elected Gustavus E. Wilson for governor, and Republicans claim his plurality will be 15,000 when the entire vote is known.

Nebraska goes Republican and Maryland Democratic.

In Massachusetts Governor Guild, Republican, is re-elected by a plurality of 75,000, which is more than double his plurality of three years ago.

In Pennsylvania, Sheatz's plurality is estimated at 160,000. In 1906, the plurality of Stuart, R., for governor was 48,235.

Bradford Eastern Star Chapter.

Bradford Chapter, No. 81, Eastern Star, was instituted on Monday evening in that city. W. A. Andorfer of Smethport, grand patron, and Mrs. Rata A. Mills of Duke Center, grand matron, had charge of the institution of the chapter. The degree work was exemplified by Phoenix Chapter of Smethport. The following Smethport people were present: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Bayle, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Flatow, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cleveland, Mrs. E. W. Workley, Mrs. W. F. Specht, Mrs. Flora Hogarth, Mrs. J. E. Myers, Mrs. H. C. Wells, Mrs. Allan Park, Mrs. A. Malcolm, Miss May Choate. After the institution an oyster supper was served at the East End Presbyterian church.

Injured at Olean.

At the Pennsylvania crossing on Union street in Olean yesterday afternoon a train struck and seriously, perhaps fatally, injured Abram Doty, a well known farmer, whose home is on the Windfall. The injured man, with the left leg mashed below the knee, his head injured and his body badly bruised was removed to the Olean general hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the injured leg, which was accordingly taken off below the knee.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Death of Mrs. Sarah A. Burdick.

On Friday, November, 1, 1907, at 1:30 p. m., occurred the death of Mrs. Sarah A. Burdick, at the home of her son, Dr. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett, from ills incidental to old age.

The news of the passing of this beautiful life was received throughout this section of the county with sincere expressions of sadness, as the estimable lady was a life-long resident, widely known and loved by all. The taking away of a person with the admirable traits of character possessed by Mrs. Burdick, creates a vacancy, not only in the family circle, and in the hearts of close friends, but with the great number of people who have briefly enjoyed her company, or have been benefitted by a kind and noble deed. Her's was a lovely character—hospitality of the warmest sort being a distinguished trait. The farm in Norwich township for many years the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burdick, will be remembered by many a hunter, fisherman or traveler as a haven of rest and refreshment from which none were turned away. She was a true Christian in every sense of the term, sometimes so narrowly applied. If a charitable act was on the tapis in her neighborhood, it was safe to say that Mrs. Burdick was prominently identified with the movement. During a long and busy life she never shirked what she considered her duty in the care and visiting of the sick. Many a sorrowful and troubled person has turned to her for consolation and advice, and taken up the burdens of life again cheered and comforted. Warm hearted, genial in her hospitality, tactful in her charity, loyal to her relatives and friends, companionable to all, the loss of such a woman is a blow to any community.

Mrs. Burdick's maiden name was Sarah H. Griswold, a daughter of G. W. and Elizabeth (Rose) Griswold, natives of Vermont, who were among the early settlers of Smethport and worthy people who were held in high esteem by residents of this section. Deceased was born in July, 1822, consequently was over 85 years of age at the time of her death. On August 3, 1842, she was united in marriage to George W. Burdick, at that time a prominent farmer of Norwich township, who now at the advanced aged of nearly 88 years is a resident of Mt. Jewett.

A prayer was offered at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick at Mt. Jewett Sunday, and then the remains were conveyed to Colegrove, where the funeral services were held, the Rev. Mr. Perkins officiating. Interment was made in the Colegrove cemetery.

Death of Andrus Rifle.

Andrus L. Rifle died at his home in Norwich township on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1907, aged 78 years, after a lingering illness of Bright's disease which had confined him to the house for the past three years.

During his long illness he has required the constant care of some one of his loving and anxious family. During his painful sickness he has shown that cheerful and uncomplaining disposition, so characteristic of him.

Mr. Rifle was born in Norwich township where he always resided with the exception of a few years when he lived in Smethport and conducted a sanitarium for the late Dr. S. D. Freeman. He was an honest, good natured wholesouled man who was always ready and willing to give cheer and courage to his fellow man by kind words or deeds and his pleasant face will be missed by a large circle of friends.

He was united in marriage to Miss Angeline Wilcox about 50 years ago, who with five children namely, Frank of Port Allegany, Fenton of Comes Creek, Fred and Floyd of Norwich and Mrs. Bessie Burdick of East Smethport, survive to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father.

The funeral services were held at the Colegrove church at 2 p. m. on Tuesday, Rev. Perkins officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in the Colegrove cemetery.

Cheaper Butter.

The price of butter took a tumble in Pittsburg Tuesday when the Elgin board authorized a reduction of 10 per cent. The best butter has been selling at 30 and 30½ cents a pound wholesale, and these prices are put down to 27 and 27½ cents. The reason advanced is that Chicago houses that had been carrying several tons on margins were unable to get their margins because of the financial stringency, and were obliged to put a great quantity on the market. According to rumors eggs will soon be cheaper for much the same reason as this reduction in the price of butter.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Wanted—Young girl in private family to care for child and attend school. Address, Box 68, Smethport.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Smethport Won the Cup.

Close to one thousand people were in attendance at the high school contest in the Lyceum, Thursday evening last, and heard the challengers of Smethport win the silver cup, valued at $100, by making four out of a possible five points in the competition. Every seat in the big theatre was taken and standing room was at a premium when the contest opened. Representatives of every high school in the county and their friends were in the audience and almost every one had a favorite—either Mt. Jewett or Smethport, and lent their voices, hands and feet in vociferous applause of the side they wished to win. The right section of the theatre was taken up almost entirely by Smethport students and led by Fred Specht they gave a life sized imitation of making the welkin ring. The Mt. Jewett visitors occupied seats on the opposite side of the building and although comparatively few in number, they certainly made themselves heard.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett opened the contest with an essay, "The Education of the Greeks." Her pleasing manner of delivery at once won the attention and interest of the audience, and every word on her subject was distinctly heard in every part of the house. Miss Hazel McAllister, essayist for Smethport, then read a highly interesting paper on "Glimpses of Our Four Great Natural Wonders." Her descriptions were vividly natural and composed in excellent language. Both numbers were received with great applause.

The next contestant was Ralph Herzog of Smethport who delivered an oration on "Humanity vs. Industry," in an impressive manner. His subject was carefully and clearly covered and was convincingly spoken. Edgar Cleveland of Mt. Jewett in his oration, "Higher Education," made an instantaneous hit with the audience. His forceful delivery and masterly handling of the interesting subject will long be remembered by his hearers. These young men were cheered long and loudly by their supporters.

The reader for Mt. Jewett, Miss Olive Romenack, then recited "Teddy O'Rourke," and her rendition of this pleasing selection with its quaint mixture of humor and pathos was fine. Miss Irnia Wells, Smethport's reader, recited "In the Toils of the Enemy," a comical selection, in such a natural, mirth provoking manner that her audience was merry at once. Again the house rang with applause.

In the debate: "Resolved that the government should own and control the railroads of the United States," Miss Helen McClellan and Clyde Long of Mt. Jewett upheld the affirmative side, and on the negative side of the question James McGowan and Wallace Bissett looked after Smethport's interests. Too much cannot be said in praise of all these young contestants. They were well informed on their subject and knew how to make telling points. Every speaker received the close attention of the audience and all were heartily applauded.

Mrs. Arnold Eddy and Miss Belle Carroll enlivened the program with excellent musical selections, as did also Chadwick's orchestra.

The judges were Prof. Charles H. Albert, Bloomsburg Normal; Prof. O. H. Munson, Bradford High School, and Prof. George Becht, Clarion Normal. The essay decision was in favor of Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett, who, by the way, is a *former student* of the Smethport High School. Ralph Herzog, Miss Irnia Wells, James McGowan and Wallace Bisset won the remaining four points for Smethport.

The contest was close, for no impartial hearer could have felt that any gross injustice was done had any of these points been awarded to the other side. Prof. Bayle presented the cup to Smethport with the compliments and esteem of Mt. Jewett and the county. Prof Allen accepted the honor on behalf of his school in a few happy words, which were most enthusiastically received.

Ernest Koester Busy.

A New York dispatch in this morning's Era says: Armed with evidence obtained from private detectives, Ernest W. Koester, district attorney of Bergen county, N. J., announced last night that he was ready to take immediate steps to clear up the mystery surrounding the sudden death of Walter F. Baker, the young Boston clubman.

From other sources it was learned that as a result of the district attorney's investigation, four arrests in the case are expected within the next 12 hours. And among those who may be taken into custody are a man and a woman who were well known to Mr. Baker.

Ernest W. Koester, mentioned above, formerly resided in Bradford. He was district attorney of McKean county and well known.

Notice.

On and after Nov. 18, 1907, the barbers of Smethport will raise the price of shaving to 15 cents. Razors honed 50 cents, face steamed 10 cents. 45-2t

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ, State Treasurer-Elect of Pennsylvania.

Smethport Man Honored.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the American Federation of Labor convenes at Norfolk, Va., next Monday. This will be the largest gathering of men representing the laboring interests ever held in the United States, and is of more than usual interest to workmen of this vicinity from the fact that John W. Newton of Smethport is one of the delegates.

Mr. Newton was elected delegate at the meeting of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America, held in Detroit, Mich., last summer, and in company with ex-president, Daniel Winters of Pittsburg, will represent the 8,000 members of that organization in Norfolk. Mr. Newton leaves Friday for that city.

Last year 180 unions were represented at the Federation meeting in Minneapolis, Minn. The 312 delegates present were sent there by a vast majority of the skilled workmen of the United States. This year even a larger gathering will result and many important matters will come before the convention for discussion and settlement.

Workmen are very careful to send none but thoroughly capable and honest men to represent them at these conventions and the fact that the thousands of window glass workers consider John W. Newton worthy and qualified to look after their interests is a compliment and an honor of which he may well feel proud, and the assertion is ventured by the MINER that the glass workers will be pleased with their choice.

A. R. Sloan of Eldred Dead.

Albert R. Sloan, cashier of the Eldred Bank and a man widely known and respected throughout the county, died at his home in Eldred Sunday last of heart disease. He had been ill for three weeks and for several days his death had been anticipated. The deceased was a resident of that place during the past 30 years.

He is survived by three sons and two daughters—Wilton C. Sloan of Cleveland, O., Harry H. Sloan of Denver, Colo., Mrs. E. L. Mayo of Elmira, N. Y., Ambrose E. and Jessie M. Sloan of Eldred and Margaret Sloan, adopted.

The deceased was a member of the Blue Lodge of Masons in Eldred, the Scottish Rite lodge of the same fraternity of Coudersport; Zem Zem Temple, Mystic Shine of Erie, and the Masonic bodies of Bradford. He was also a member of the Episcopal church. Funeral services were held in Eldred, Tuesday, at 1:30 p. m., under the auspices of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar of Bradford. The Rev. J. Heber McCandless of Smethport conducted the services.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Wanted at the Berney-Bond bottle factory, boys from 14 years of age up. Good chance for men with sons capable of working in the factory as fathers will also be employed. 45tf

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12 and 13, with winter line of samples.

ABE J. MARTIN.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Teachers' Institute.

(Continued from last week.)

THURSDAY MORNING.

The devotionals were in charge of Rev. Hopkins, the institute joining responsively in the scriptural reading, and entering heartily into the old familiar hymns that so appropriately opened the day.

Miss Willis resumed her work on reading. A reading of "Paradise and the Peri" delighted the audience. For the wastefulness of the ordinary Friday afternoon exercises, the speaker urged a Field Day, Irving Day, etc., or a little play in simple costumes, without special reference to visitors; or some long poem divided among several students.

Mrs. Addy was warmly greeted in the two solos with which she favored the Institute.

Ex-Superintendent Eckles pleasantly discoursed of old times and pleaded for a better appreciation and support of the Institute.

Dr. Albert gave an Affirmative View of Geography. Send you class to your flour mill. Find out the number of bushels of wheat to a barrel of flour; number of bushels raised per acre. Note capacity of mill for year, and whether local farms can supply it. If not, where does it come from? And at once your class is ready for the marvelous tale of the fertility of the Central States and the immensity of the flouring industry.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The Rev. Hopkins favored the Institute with a pleasing solo. Dr. Search took up that most difficult of all subjects, "Language." This subject must always have a major place in schools, because it is the bridge by which all other knowledge must pass from teacher to learner.

After intermission, County Superintendent Sweeney brought the greetings of Elk county. Principal Bigler of Edinboro, spoke briefly on manual training. He pointed out that our supremacy industrially depends upon the development of this feature of the public school.

Miss Carroll entertained the Institute with a well rendered violin solo.

John J. McFarlane representing the excellent Philadelphia Museums for Schools, gave a type lesson on Japan, using the material furnished by the Museums. The splendid series of photographs, and the other specimens from Japan, furnished a very effective presentation of the value and interest of these museums. Any school can secure one by procuring the endorsement of a Senator or Congressman, and addressing a request to the Philadelphia Museums, Philadelphia.

Thursday evening's high school contest will be found under another heading.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Supt. Bayle led the devotionals, the teachers joining in the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Albert gave his final talk, "The Teacher's Watchword, is 'Success.'" To win it; "First care for your health, eat properly, eat the right food; sleep enough; dance if you want to, but first think it out alone with your God."

The Institute then sang "Courage, Brother."

D. C. Young of the Smethport School Board urged greater loyalty on the part of Boards and Teachers toward the County Institute. He also outlined a proposal of the Director's Association to provide district supervisory principals to visit each school once each month.

After a recess, Miss Carroll gave "Le Cygne," her violin deepening the debt the Institute owes for her contribution to the week's work.

Dr. Becht of Clarion Normal spoke in his impressive, inspiring manner, a few words of greeting to the teachers.

Miss Willis resumed her work on reading, reciting as a preliminary, "Gitting a Church Organ."

A teacher's great work is to break up faulty habits that react on the character of pupils.

So closed the forty-first Institute, one of the best, many have said the very best, ever held in McKean county.

Expression of the opinion of the teachers is found in the unanimous adoption of the appended resolutions:

Whereas, we the teachers of McKean county are about to adjourn from a very profitable and enjoyable institute, and

Whereas, we appreciate the hearty support and co-operation of the people and pastors of Smethport, and

Whereas, the institute has been one of the best McKean county has ever had, because of the practical and inspiring talks of the instructors, and because of the untiring efforts of our worthy superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle. Therefore be it

Resolved, that we extend our hearty thanks to the people and pastors of Smethport, and to Miss Willis, Dr. Search, Prof. Albert, Mrs. Addy, Miss Carroll, Supt. E. E. Miller, Prof. Lull, Dr. John J. MacFarlane, Rev. and Mrs. Hopkins, and our faithful county superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle, and to all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the institute. And be it

Resolved, that our schools would be benefitted by having a uniform course of study, and we give our assistance to our superintendent in the adoption of the Illinois State Course into the schools of this county. And be it further

Resolved, that we deplore the absence of so many teachers of the county, and feel that the Institute would have been helped by their presence. And be it also

Resolved, that all the townships of McKean County should have a school term of at least eight months.

OBITUARY.

Whereas, God in his wise providence has seen fit to call from our number Miss Iva Knowlton of Custer City, and Miss Eva Muir of Port Allegany, and

Whereas, these young ladies by their exemplary lives have been an inspiration and help to the communities and schools in which they labored; Therefore be it

Resolved that we, as teachers, feel deeply the loss of these, our co-workers, and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the friends of the deceased.

Respectfully submitted:

Emma Tretton,
J. T. Ruhl,
Idalia Pomeroy,
F. A. Berkenstock.

Judgment Obtained by Dr. Pierce.

Buffalo Evening News: The big judgment recovered by Dr. Pierce's World's Dispensary Medical Association against the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, has been paid and a satisfaction of the judgment filed in the office of County Clerk Price. The sum named in settlement was $17,581.98.

Thus ends one of the most famous lawsuits ever tried in this part of the country. Dr. Pierce claimed heavy damages by reason of an article published in the Ladies' Home Journal derogatory to the merits of Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription. At the trial here before Justice Marcus, John G. Milburn appeared for the publishing concern, assisted by Louis L. Babcock, and Judge Hatch for Dr. Pierce, assisted by Norris Morey. The verdict was the biggest one of its kind ever reported in a local court.

Sparrows Had a Feed.

Bradford Record: W. B. Potter of Hilton street raises ginseng in his back yard and has been very successful with the plant. In writing up Mr. Potter's ginseng plant about a year ago the Record explained how it took 18 months for ginseng seed to germinate, having to be frozen twice. For germination purposes the seeds are placed on a screen, which is buried in the ground, so that the seed can be recovered and properly transferred after germination. Recently Mr. Potter took up one of these screens for the purpose of adding some more seeds to those that had been placed on it last fall. While he was doing the work he was called into the house on some errand, and when he returned he found that the sparrows had eaten about $1 worth of his seed, and the birds did not get a very hearty meal at that.

There is nothing better for stomach troubles than Kodol, which contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is offered on a guranteed plan for the relief of heart burn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea, and all stomach troubles. So at times when you don't feel just right, when you are drowsy after meals and your head aches or when you have no ambition, and you are cross and irritable, take a little Kodol. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdivant.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. O. Wells.

The Shingle Blocker's Joke.

By CHARLES SLOAN REID.

Copyright, 1907, by Charles S. Reid.

THE gleam of a pink frock far down the side of the mountain had caught Tom Awtry's eye, and he released the handle of the drag saw and sat down upon the log he was cutting. The sun showed little mercy to the shingle blocker, and Tom threw open his shirt front to invite the coolness of the breeze. His thoughts were pleasant, and they had been in that state for the past two weeks, ever since Tilly Martin had promised to become his wife. He now looked upon the old cabin with disgust. It was unfit for Tilly's occupancy. There must be a new one, and some good American dollars must be turned out of the shingle blocks before the thing could be accomplished. Under these circumstances time was precious, and the growth of the heap of sawdust at Tom's feet had a wonderful value in his eyes. But the sight of that pink frock among the laurel leaves down there along the stream brought to him the temptation to lose at least one half hour out of the morning's work.

Tilly was fishing, and with some success, for she was intensely interested and never once turned her face toward the side of the mountain above her where the shingle blocker was at work.

Tom got up from the log and strode off toward the stream. The pink frock had remained motionless for some time, and Tom knew the fish were biting. When within a dozen steps of the bank of the stream a smile of mischief played over his lips, and he turned his swinging gait into a creeping step and moved stealthily forward until he was just behind Tilly, where she stood watching the bobbing of the line. Tom caught her by the arm, lifted her clear of the bank and dangled her form out over the water. Then there was a scream of fright that echoed down the gorge for a mile and started the pheasants from their hiding places among the undergrowth. But the scream had hardly escaped her lips when she was drawn back again and into the embrace of Tom, and the echo of his laughter followed that of the scream.

But when the moment of surprise had passed and Tilly had glanced up into Tom's face her cheeks went from the white flush of fear to the danger signal of anger, and she broke from his arms and stood defiantly against the trunk of a poplar. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, while two tears glistened in her eyes. Tom took a step backward and allowed his chin to rest on his breast, crushed by the reproach of Tilly's eyes.

THERE WAS A SCREAM OF FRIGHT.

"Tilly, I—I—are ye mad with me?"

Tilly caught her lower lip between her teeth and remained silent, her fingers working nervously.

"For heaven's sake, Tilly, tell me ye ain't mad, so I can look up again!"

But nothing came from Tilly save the sound of her still labored breathing. Tom's head remained bowed, and he waited a moment. The waters of the stream swished against the rocks, but the music of it did not at that moment appeal to the shingle blocker.

"Tilly! Oh, Tilly!"

The cry came from the depths of his soul, and the tone of it seemed of cavernous origin. But there was only silence for an answer, and it cut into his heart like an edged tool. If he had taken a moment to consider how frightened she would be this awful situation might have been avoided. But it was too late to think of that now. A weakness seized Tom's limbs, and, with head still bowed, he sank to his knees, with his hands outstretched imploringly.

"Tilly!"

His voice was weaker, and the sadness of his tone was surely enough to declare the fullness of his repentance.

"Tilly, ye're too pure an' sweet, an' yer heart's too good for ye not to forgive me."

But the unshed tears still glistened in Tilly's eyes, her cheeks still glowed with the red fire of her vexation, her heart still stormed in her bosom, and she made no answer.

"An' ye won't forgive me, Tilly?"

This time he had raised his eyes toward hers and waited. Under his gaze the two unshed tears slipped from the girl's eyes and hung upon her cheeks, and her white teeth released the quivering lower lip.

"I—I'll never forgive ye, Tom Awtry. So there! An' don't ye ever speak to me again!"

Catching up her apron, Tilly wiped the tears from her cheeks and turned quickly into the trail that led along the edge of the stream. Tom stood motionless and stared after her until the last vestige of the pink frock was buried from view among the interminable green of the laurel's foliage. Then, with his hat in his hand, he turned back up the hill toward his work. Slowly he went. The slow machinery of his brain was trying to bring out a clear realization of all that had happened. A choking sensation was struggling for a grip of his windpipe, and he tore away his shirt collar well down upon his shoulders. The plans for the new cabin now mocked him in his thoughts, and scattered to the winds was all the promised happiness of a lifetime, and all this for a little prank of mischief.

Meanwhile Tilly had wandered from the laurel path and had climbed a bowlder whence she could look back over the bluff, and she watched Tom climbing the mountain. Her anger was passing away, and already she regretted her impulsive speech. But it was now too late to recall it.

"Poor Tom!" she murmured, shading her eyes and peering through the timber. "Oh, he's so big an' strong! I'm just like a child in his hands. An' an' even if he had dropped me into the water it would not have been anything but a wettin' for me—an' I have gone an' played such a fool! Poor Tom!"

She sat down on the rock and covered her face with her apron.

"An' I told him never to speak to me again. I wonder if he will think I meant it sure 'nough."

A deep, audible sob came now, and Tilly's small body swayed from side to side. Presently her ears caught the swish of the drag saw far up the mountain, and she knew Tom had gone back to work.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Tilly sat for an hour and listened. There was never a pause except for the few seconds required to change the saw for a new cut. At last the dinner horn sounded from over the stream, and Tilly went home. In the afternoon she came back to the bowlder to listen to the sound of Tom's saw.

Swish, swish, swish, swish, interminably.

Tom stopped no more to rest, as he had been wont to do occasionally. There was a fierceness in the stroke and a rapidity of motion that accomplished wonders. It was work, work now, no matter what the muscles suffered.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Tilly sat and listened through the whole afternoon. Oh, would he never stop one minute to rest his tired arms? At last the sun sank below the crown of the mountain, and when the shadows of night fell upon Tilly she drew a long breath of relief, but not until the last moment of the twilight was spent did the sound of the drag saw cease.

Tilly crept home again, picking her way along the trail that led through the laurel.

An hour later the moon rose, and its white light outlined many a weird shadow on the rocks. Tilly stole out of the cabin and sat upon the low veranda in front of the house. A terrible feeling of loneliness came over her. Tom had been coming almost every night to sit for an hour with her, to tell her every few minutes how much he loved her, to toy with her fingers and occasionally touch his lips to her forehead. Now he would not come. He would never come again. Maybe he would go away soon—out west, somewhere. A moan of intense heartsickness escaped Tilly's lips, and she looked toward the moon for pity. Then presently a sound came to her ears from far away over the stream. It was faint, but clear.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Tilly bowed her face in her hands, and the tears scalded her fingers as they fell from her eyes.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

How the faint and faraway sound cut upon her ears! After awhile a man came to the door of the cabin from the inside.

"Tilly, what air ye settin' out here so late about?" He looked down upon the girl from the doorway.

"Nothin', dad," was the answer.

"Nothin'? Well, then, I'd shore go to bed. Hello, what's that?"

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

"Dinged if Tom Awtry ain't a-cuttin' shingle blocks by moonlight. Means to build that new cabin purty soon, I reckon, Tilly."

Tilly struggled to suppress the sob that rose in her throat.

"Well, Tom's not comin' here tonight, gal," said the man, "so ye'd as well go to bed."

"I'm goin' in a minute."

Tilly's minute lasted an hour, and the sound of the drag saw had not ceased when she went to bed. Late in the night, sleepless, she crept to the window, thrust her head out through the opening and listened.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

The sound smote upon her sense with sickening clearness, and she sank to her knees, dropping her head upon the window sill. A little later she went to sleep in this position and did not wake until the first peep of dawn.

The day passed, and another and another, and Tilly's misery deepened with the dawn of each succeeding one, and especially since she could see from her place on the bowlder the growing weakness of the man who loved her. At so great a distance even she could see that he had grown pale, and once or twice she had seen him stumble over trifles and catch at the saw frame for support. Saturday came, and Tilly welcomed the day. The next day would be Sunday and Tom must rest.

But late in the afternoon of Saturday the drag saw stopped. Tom had sunk away from the handle and fallen to his knees. From the bowlder Tilly saw this and started forward. Then she stopped and retraced her steps, though for a moment she covered her eyes with her hands. When she looked again Tom was creeping and stumbling toward the cabin a hundred yards away from where he had been at work. Tilly watched him until the door was closed behind him; then she plunged into the laurel and sped along the trail toward home.

ON THE FLOOR LAY TOM.

Sunday she went a number of times to the bowlder, whence she could see Tom's cabin, but not once was the door opened during the day. Monday the drag saw stood idle where the shingle blocker had left it. And now a new source of uneasiness came to Tilly. The silent, deserted look of Tom's cabin filled her with fear. It was not that she feared Tom had gone away. The unfinished work, the half cut shingle block and the disorder of things told her that he had not gone. Tom was ill—or—Tilly clutched at her temples to stay the throbbing. No, Tom could not be dead.

Tuesday Tilly crept through the laurel, passed the base of the bowlder and went on slowly, but unhesitatingly, up the side of the mountain toward the cabin where Tom lived alone.

As she neared the cabin she quickened her step. Had she waited too long? Oh, if Tom would only speak to her when she rapped at the door! She stood a full minute with her small knuckles poised to strike the rough boards. Her heart beat tumultuously and her knees grew weak as she thought of what might have happened in that cabin.

At last the knuckles fell upon the board, and a faint, hollow tattoo echoed from the interior. But no other sound came in answer. A terrible sense of horror fell upon Tilly, and a quick fever parched her lips and tongue. Then suddenly her knuckles beat a long nervous rattle upon the door, and, laying her head against the board, she moaned:

"Oh, Tom!"

A moment elapsed, then—

"Tilly, Tilly!" came faintly from under the door.

With an exuberant joy Tilly reached for the latchstring, and the door swung inward. On the floor, with his head near the doorway, lay Tom. His face was sunken and sallow, and his eyes seemed far back in his head. Tilly clasped her hands and stood looking down upon him, that sickness of soul which had characterized her feelings for the last week again coming upon her.

"Tom, ye've been lyin' here since Saturday, ain't ye?"

Tilly dropped by his side and took one of his hands in hers.

"An' it's all my fault, Tom. I heard yer saw goin' day an' night an' never stoppin', an' I was 'feared it was comin' to this."

"No, Tilly; it was all my fault. I—I didn't think it would scare ye so. An' arter what I'd done an' ye would not forgive me an' told me never to speak to ye again I had to work hard to keep from thinkin' about it all. Do ye forgive me now, Tilly?"

Tilly raised Tom's head on her arm and laid her cool fingers upon his brow.

"I forgive ye afore I got home, Tom, but I didn't want to go back an' tell ye. An'—an', Tom, if ye knowed how I been feelin' about it ever since I reckon ye'd forgive me."

"Forgive ye, Tilly? It's like—like takin' a peep into paradise to have ye back again. An' now when I get a leetle stronger we'll have that new cabin."

"Never mind the new cabin, Tom. The old one is good enough for the likes o' me. An' now I'm goin' to help ye to bed an' get ye somethin' to eat."

"I'm a lot better now, Tilly. I jest had a dizziness somehow. But I'm sot on havin' the new cabin."

"Well, then, we'll have it, an' I'll bless every log ye touch."

Tilly kissed him. And just then the sun, coming from behind a cloud, threw its warm glow through the doorway and across the cabin floor.

Blindness of Conceit.

"Ever notice the density of a conceited person?" asked a business man. "To me that's the most striking thing about such an individual. Maybe he has some qualities that justify his good opinion of himself, and maybe not. He's dense just the same, and the proof of it is that he doesn't realize how he impresses his associates unpleasantly. If the average conceited man had the least idea of the handicap under which he is laboring he'd shed it mighty quick. But he hasn't, and it's impossible to drill it into him. He's the modern human ostrich, with his head stuck into the sand, so far as any recognition of his disagreeable trait is concerned."—New York Press.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

SQUARED ACCOUNTS.

Also Won a Reputation and Saved Himself Further Trouble.

Press agents, like other mortals, have their troubles, but there is one in Philadelphia who has fewer of them than the ordinary man. Asked one day how he managed so well to get along with everybody, he explained:

"Well, I won a reputation. You see, when a press agent is able to give a man heart disease from which he actually dies his troubles cease if people have a proper regard for their lives. I was the press agent for a German singing fest. I naturally used the German papers.

"There was one editor who had the idea that he wasn't getting all that was due. Nevertheless he published column after column of type and pictures.

"Afterward the managers of the show received a bill for $820 'for advertising.' They were in a rage. 'What shall we do?' they demanded. 'Don't get excited,' I cautioned 'em. 'I'll fix that all right.'

"I went to the office of a friend, and, going to the type cases, I stuck the finest billhead you ever laid eyes on. I printed it in two inks. It read, 'The Two Continents Engraving Company; John Smith, manager.' Next I wrote this account, 'To Peter Jacob Schmidtheiser, Dr., to cuts for German festival, $800.'

"When Schmidtheiser received the bill he fainted. He revived and sent for me.

"'Fer vot is it you scharge me for der cuts vot I could buy for 40 cents apiece, yet?' he demanded.

"'That's all right, old man,' I assured him. 'You might buy those cuts from anybody else for 40 cents apiece, but not of me.'

"He refused to pay the bill, but not long afterward he was stricken with heart disease and died. His executors found the bill, with its balance of $70 in my favor. They asked me what I'd take to settle, and I told them $70. They paid it cheerfully, and since then I haven't had any trouble."—San Francisco Chronicle.

PINEAPPLES.

A Time When They Sold For $10 Each In San Francisco.

In 1851 pineapples were rare in San Francisco. One day in that year one of the passengers who had crossed the isthmus of Darien before leaving Panama purchased from one of the natives of that place a dozen pineapples for a quarter of a dollar, and when he landed in San Francisco he had six left. He was carrying these from the landing place at the foot of Vallejo street, where there were boat steps at the end of a twenty foot wharf, which new arrivals approached by Whitehall boats from the steamers that in those days anchored in the stream 300 yards from shore. The man was accosted suddenly by a stranger, who asked him what he wanted for that lot of pineapples.

"They are not for sale."

"But I want them," said the Californian.

"I'll sell you three," said the new arrival, who on the voyage had heard that San Francisco people were liberal buyers, and he added, "but they'll cost you $5 each."

"Take 'em," was the curt reply, and the fruit changed owners, the resident passing over a Spanish coin known then as a gold "ounce," worth $16 in trade.

Before the new purchaser had moved across Battery street, where the transaction had taken place, he was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked him to let him have the fruit. A dicker followed for two of them, the acquaintance paying $10 apiece for them. Later in the day the first purchaser was boasting of the rapid manner by which he had cleared $4 and still had a fine pineapple for supper.—San Francisco Call.

Protest of the Fat Man.

"My friends," said the fat man plaintively, "moved, I suppose, by a desire to appear jocose, always comment on my weight whenever they run across me. It isn't that they note any alarming change in the number of pounds I carry about, for I have been what my tailor politely calls 'substantial' these many years. By the same token I have got so that I don't mind reflections on my size—that is, I'm not particularly sensitive about it. What does jar me, however, is the mental vacuity evidenced by the would be humorists. One comes to think that their impressions of a person don't extend beyond his avoirdupois, and the sense of fun which leads them to voice these impressions is certainly rather primitive. And this is tiring," the fat man concluded.—New York Press.

Turning the Tables.

"I reckon dat nigger's chances for life is mighty good," said Brother Dickey.

"How come?"

"Well, de news is dat de lawyers what wuz tryin' ter git de jury ter hang him so confused an' mixed up matters dat de jury went in an' took an' hang itse'f."—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Aim.

Hoax—So young Goldrox has taken a wife. What was her maiden name?

Joax—Her maiden aim seems to have been to marry Goldrox, and she proved an unusually good shot for a woman.—London Answers.

His Mistake.

"Yes, sir," said the man in cell 711, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses."

"And what brought you here?"

"They caught me coming out."—Yonkers Statesman.

To cure a cold first move the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

STATE PAWNSHOPS.

French Rate Is 7 Per Cent—Sometimes No Interest Is Charged.

With none of the timidity or hesitation or the shamefaced aspect of our user of pawnshops does the Parisian perform his journey to the money lender. Far from feeling, after the door has closed behind him, that he is in the country of the enemy, the Frenchman can have his patriotic ardor at the highest, for over the pawnshop flies the tricolor of France instead of the gilded balls, and the guard at the door is a helmeted, white gloved republican guard. The customary whispering as the borrower exchanges goods for cash is unknown. Borrowing is a business transaction with the government.

It is not out of appreciation of these conditions, of course, that 7,000 people daily visit the municipal pawnshops, but their business trip includes a knowledge of the fact that whatever profits will accrue to the establishments will finally go back to the people.

There is no haggling, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. On jewelry four-fifths of the value of the object can be secured; on the other articles two-thirds. The interest is 7 per cent per annum. Should a borrower be in the unfortunate position of having paid interest for many years without being able to release the article the authorities will return it. When interest has not been paid the object in question goes to the auction, and then the righteousness of Paris pawnbroking is decidedly in evidence, for after the sale has been consummated and the original loan and interest are deducted from the money secured by the sale the surplus goes to the borrower. Should the money remain unclaimed it is turned over to the Paris hospitals, and, curiously enough, these hospitals profit to the extent of 100,000 francs a year.

When one has made a study of French pawnbroking laws it is easily seen that the first object served by these laws is to protect people who want immediate money advantages. France (and we may say France, for municipal pawnbroking is to be found in every corner of the country) cares little that many transactions are carried on at a loss. In one year of some 2,000,000 pawned articles in Paris 1,000,000 were effected at a loss, since no auction will bring a complete return on small objects. Of course this is offset by the return from loans on the other million articles, but should there be a deficiency the municipality has no hesitation in going down in its pockets and thus has an indirect mode of taxing the well to do to support the needy. Since no country has raised a cry against charity, this as one form of it can be passed without criticism. The fact is, money is lost on all loans under 20 francs.

The capital of the pawnshops consists of legacies, gifts and subventions of the state department or the commune. Occasionally, as at Grenoble and Montpellier, the establishments are so well endowed that no interest is charged. Paris, for no unfathomable reasons, does the largest pawnbroking business on the continent, 34,000,000 francs being the average yearly pledges and 32,000,000 francs redeemed. The total revenue is 3,000,000 francs, the expense of management 1,500,000 francs, the interest on capital about 1,350,000 francs and the net profits 150,000 francs.

A Resourceful Legislator.

"It will be impossible for us to transact any public business tonight," said the president of the city council, "because of the lack of a quorum."

"Mr. Chairman!" said the new member, arising quickly, "I have been elected on a pledge to my constituency that I shall work untiringly and unceasingly for the upbuilding and uplifting of our city, and I now and here move that a committee be appointed to consider the immediate purchase of as good a quorum as the market affords and that the committee be instructed to secure the quorum and have it properly installed by the next meeting night. And furthermore," he said, with a fine patriotic touch, "let us obtain a good American quorum and not one of those ancient Roman things!"—Success Magazine.

In the Swim.

A serious accident happened at the supper table. Somebody—it's always "somebody" who is to blame—upset a pitcher of water over the cloth. There was a general scampering and a calling for somebody to remedy the mischief.

"How could you be so careless, Tom?" cried Freddie indignantly.

"Never mind, my boy," replied Tom, in his airy way. "It's all right. We're all in the swim now."—St. Louis Republic.

Maybe It Didn't.

Tommy—I did wash my face.

Mother—How dare you tell me that? Why, it's just as dirty as ever.

Tommy—Well, I washed it, but maybe it didn't take. You know my vaccination didn't the first time.—Philadelphia Press.

A Case of Disbelief.

Bill—You look bad, Jim. Been laid up?

Jim—Today's the first time out of doors for three months.

Bill—What was the matter with you?

Jim—Nothin', but the magistrate would not believe it.—London Telegraph.

The Easy Part.

"The doctor says you must stop eating meat and drinking whisky."

"Well," replied the major, "meat never did agree with me."—Atlanta Constitution.

The best farming lands in Siberia are those nearest to China.

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Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine can do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Bell Bros., Olean, have a new ad today.

—Fry & Comes have an ad today of special interest to ladies.

—The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store, Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 o'clock.

—According to the Potter Democrat, Floyd Cole, a well known young man formerly of that town, has become insane and is confined in an asylum in Ovid, N. Y.

—Chas. McVane has moved into his recently purchased dwelling house at the foot of Hill street. Wade Burdick and family now occupy the house on East King street, vacated by Mr. McVane.

—An armed gang of yeggmen attacked the town of Canaseraga, Steuben county, N. Y., early Friday morning, looted the postoffice of cash and stamps, robbed several houses, stole a horse and buggy at the point of revolvers, and escaped after a running fight with citizens and police in which a fusilade of shots were exchanged.

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the Ladies' Rest room in the new Grange bank, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30. In addition to the regular business, a report of the County convention held in Kane will be given by the delegate, Mrs. Ada Cory, and a social hour will follow. A cordial invitation is extended.

—Herbert, the 5-year-old son of the Rev. and Mrs. Granger of Allegany, N. Y., died Monday afternoon at the Olean hospital from burns received earlier in the day. While standing in front of a gas stove the child's night gown caught fire and before assistance could reach him he was fatally burned. The Rev. Mr. Granger is pastor of the Allegany Methodist church.

—Mandor, the 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Richardson, died suddenly of lock-jaw at his home in Kossuth, near Bolivar, on Wednesday of last week. While barefooted about two weeks ago the boy stepped on some glass, severely cutting his right foot. On Saturday lock-jaw developed and from then on the boy continued to grow worse until the end came.

The Grimmest Epitaph.

What is the most terrible epitaph in existence? One of the grimmest is surely that on a stone which was set up a few years ago in the cemetery of Debreczin, eastern Hungary.

It reads as follows: "Here rests in the Lord Joseph Moritz, Sr., who died in his sixty-second year. He was shot by his son, Franz Joseph Moritz, who died in her forty-seventh year. She was shot by her daughter, Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her seventeenth year after shooting her mother. Joseph Moritz, who died in prison, age twenty-seven. He had shot his father. May eternal mercy have pity on their poor, sinful souls!"

This memorial was erected by a local literary association, to which, it is said, the last of the ill starred family left a sum of $7,500 for the purpose.

Wager of Battle.

In 1817 one Richard Thornton, called to the bar of the king's bench charged with the murder of Mary Askford, in open court threw down his glove and defied his accuser, whereupon there was a pretty to do. Wager of battle, it was supposed, had died a natural death in the dark ages, but Lord Ellenborough after much consultation of precedent held that it was still the law of England and ordered a field to be prepared. Thornton's accuser thereupon declining combat, the prisoner was discharged. Next year parliament passed an act abolishing this privilege of appeal to the strong right arm.

Picking on Him.

A first grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked his father.

"Teacher's fault," replied the boy.

"How is it the teacher's fault?"

"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Lippincott's.

Practical.

Sound practical advice given by a misanthrope: If ever you should be attacked by night never shout "Murder!" for no one will bother about you. Yell "Fire!" and everybody will be out of doors in a jiffy.

Sneaked.

"What side do you generally take when your wife gets in an argument with somebody else?"

"Outside. It's safer."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fohn Winds.

The Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan contains an account by Dr. Okada of the occurrence in Korea of those remarkable winds which have been called fohn winds. The winds to which this name was originally given are warm winds blowing down from the snowclad mountains of Switzerland and producing extensive melting of the snow. They have hence been called "snow eaters." The fohn is essentially a phenomenon of mountainous regions, and Wonsan, in Korea, where they have been observed, is surrounded except on the east by high mountains. In this region they are always westerly and cause abnormally high temperatures and dryness of the air. A similar wind in North America blowing down from the Rocky mountains has been called the chinook. Fohn winds occur also in the arctic regions. Blowing sometimes in midwinter they produce a remarkable climatic paradox. As a result of the elevation of temperature caused by them it may happen that northern Greenland, though in winter darkness, is warmer than southern France.

Men Who Help Thieves.

The "rechristener" is the professional name of the man who alters the names and numbers on stolen watches. The rechristener is usually a clever engraver who through drink or otherwise has lost the chance of obtaining honest employment and aids the receiver of stolen property. When a watch has been stolen the number or name or other indication of make or ownership may be forwarded to the police and by them communicated to pawnbrokers. There is consequently an element of risk in attempting to dispose of it. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, and rechristening is one that is frequently resorted to. The engraver adds or prefixes another figure to the number or he turns the name "J. Robins" into "T. J. Robinson," the extra initial serving to make the name look level and central on the watch case. This is done very cleverly, and the rest of the letters or figures are touched up to make all appear to have been cut at the same time.—London Standard.

Why Is the Ocean Salt?

The Creator made the ocean salt to save the land from putrefaction. The winds blow everything offensive and pestilential as far as we allow them to do the work of boards of health out to sea where all humors are absorbed by the hungry waters. Salt is a purifying agent. The ocean is a great manufacturer. It converts everything foul into health, making ozone and hands it back to us without charge. No government label is necessary. Stand on the prow of a ship for three hours a day. Deep breathing like an athlete, and your lungs will be cleaned of everything poisonous. Your blood will leap through veins and arteries. Your heart will be obliged to thump with renewed force. The tide is the ocean's tongue. It comes in twice a day to lick up the foul things of the earth and convey them to the ocean's stomach, where they are digested, salted down, cured and rendered pure again.—Marine Journal.

Snapdragon Seed Pods.

The antirrhinum, or snapdragon, is one of the old fashioned garden flowers known to every one. Although it is a visitor from southern Europe, it has been here so long that it has become naturalized. When we say "lion's mouth," "dragon's mouth," "calf's mouth," "rabbit's mouth," we mean snapdragon, all these names being suggested by its grotesque masklike corolla. But there is something still more grotesque if we will wait till the seed time and gather the dried, brown skeleton of the seed pod. Look at them sideways, under a bright lamp light if possible, and you will find they have quite a resemblance to a rhinoceros. Remove the calyx and the little horns on the nose and look at them from the front, and they have a still more striking resemblance to human skulls, and by turning them about you get all sorts of queer expressions on the grinning mouth.—St. Nicholas.

Hurry.

To our own age belongs the credit of having raised hurry from the degraded position of a disease to that of a commercial process. Formerly hurry simply brought people to an early grave, with nothing to show for it, whereas now it is become the means of transforming peace of mind, which is a solecism to say the best of it, into ready money. Hurry has grown to be a great fact in life. Even the fashions take account of it until women are found doing up their hair in such a way that they may go the speed limit without fear of its coming down. And the best of hurry is that it is its own sufficient justification. Nobody expects hurry to have any particular reason behind it any more.—R. B. in New York Life.

Preposterous.

An aged Jersey farmer visiting a circus for the first time stood before the dromedary's cage, eyes popping and mouth agape at the strange beast within. The circus proper began, and the crowds left for the main show, but still the old man stood before the cage in stunned silence appraising every detail of the misshapen legs, the cloven hoofs, the pendulous upper lip and the curiously mounded back of the sleepy eyed beast. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the farmer turned away and spat disgustedly.

"Shucks! They ain't no such animal!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Not His Usual Brand.

He was a waif from the slums, having his first experience of the country. They gave him a new laid egg at breakfast as a great treat, but after one spoonful he put it quietly aside and devoted himself to the bread and butter.

"Why, Pete," exclaimed the matron in charge, "don't you like your egg?"

"No, ma'am," he replied deprecatingly. "It don't seem to have no smell nor taste!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Rise of a Painter.

Only painters looked long at the picture which Eugene Carriere exhibited at the salon of 1877, and for a dozen years afterward, while his portraits and his studies of children and women steadily gained in distinctive character, they puzzled and repelled the unwary, says Henry Copley Greene in the Century. Their merging varied colors in a single tone, their dissolving of sharp contours in smoke hued mist, suggested either insincerity or myopic vision. Yet little by little Carriere impressed first a few artists and critics, then part of the public, then even the ministry of fine arts. In 1889 he was decorated, and in the next year, when his paintings were seen at the then new Salon du Champ de Mars isolated in a single group, Carriere began to be more widely understood. His fervid sincerity, reverberating, as it were, from picture to picture destroyed all suspicion of pose, and as his technic grew familiar the sculpturesque solidity of his heads and figures appeared through that mist in proof of his genius of eye and hand.

The Herrings' Heads.

Miracles are not only of religion. Perhaps readers may have forgotten the strange adventure of the great Johann Sebastian Bach. The story was told by Bach himself and is therefore, we may be assured, indubitably true. Bach was a very young man at the time. His chief object then was to hear a famed organist of Hamburg named Reinken. He was very poor, and on one of these journeys, returning home, he found himself destitute and yet far from Luneburg. So he sat down on a bench outside an inn and tried to dine on the smell of the cooking. Suddenly a window was thrown open above and a couple of herrings' heads fell at his feet. He picked them up and discovered in each a piece of money! He could not find out who his benefactor had been. But he made a good use of the gift, for he immediately tramped back to Luneburg to hear Reinken once more. However it happened, it was a miracle. But Bach was dwelling in the regions of the miraculous.—London Academy.

What Barbers Must Know.

The barber spoke indignantly.

"A doctor, a lawyer or a divine," he said, "learns his business in three or four years, and afterward he is wonderfully [illegible]. It takes us barbers [illegible] years [illegible], but who bothers [illegible]? On the contrary, we are rather looked down on.

"[illegible] all a good barber must know today.

"He must shave and cut hair and [illegible] beautifully. He must understand [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sage [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] brilliantine and [illegible]

"[illegible] [illegible] should [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible]" [illegible] The [illegible]

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"No, we had a [illegible]"—Washington Herald.

No man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it.—Lincoln.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic laxative.

This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and it is saving more doctor's bills than any other medicine has ever saved.

It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases.

Lane's

27 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

A Real "Hoss" Race.

If you would see a horse strapped, booted, braced and geared to the limit you must seek such a track as you see at the old time country fair. Here comes an awkward flea bitten gray which never went under 2:50 in his life. He is hobbled and checked and goggled and hitched up sidewise, lengthwise and crosswise until there is more harness than horse. You wonder how his driver ever got him into this rigging and how he will get him out again without cutting him free with a jackknife. A farmer with a gray beard and twinkling eye observes to his neighbor:

"Last time John Martin had that plug out on the road I told him he had the old cripple overloaded with rust side to the injured. Them straps that was callated to hoist up his knees must ha' pulled too tight, and the critter was yanked clean off the ground. What John was gettin' ready for was a race for flyin' machines, not a hoss trot."—David Lansing in Outing Magazine.

Dina Moe and Dina Mite.

Mr. Cracker, a young colored gentleman of our city, had just obtained employment in one of our department stores as an experienced porter, but after a short time proved to be unfit for the position. Being fired he thereby gained the nickname of Fire Cracker. Fire Cracker was deeply in love with a young woman of his own race by the name of Miss Moe and after a short acquaintance found that her given name was Dina. He went to Dina Moe and said:

"Dina Moe, does you lub me?"

She quickly replied, "No."

Not being disheartened and at the same time remembering the motto he learned at school, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again," he went to Dina Moe again and said:

"Dina Moe, could you learn to lub me?"

Dina this time rolled the white of her eyes and, looking Fire Cracker in the face, answered:

"Dina—Mite!"—Judge's Library.

Has Understood.

"What are you reading, Marian?" asked mamma of a little girl with her head bent down under a heavy volume in her lap.

"'The Wide Awake World,' mamma."

"Gracious, child!" interrupted a big sister. "You can't understand more than half of that book."

Marian looked at the speaker with dignity. "I read it for the half I do understand," she said.—St. Louis Republic.

Trust.

"Here you went and told me you would trust Beasley with your life, and on the strength of that I loaned him $10 that now you tell me I'll never get."

"Well, what of it? I said I'd trust him with my life, and I would. Beasley may be a beat, but he is no assassin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preserving Her Bridges.

Mrs. Gossip—Mrs. Highleigh has so much [illegible], hasn't she? Mrs. Someone (indignantly)—Well, now, she might have if she wasn't so fat.—Baltimore American.

L. K. Hogarth.

Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery, &c.

Candy and Ice Cream at all times in the new department.

Ice Cream, Fancy, or in Bricks, at your order.

Cigars from 3 for 5 to 20c each.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

—We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Brights or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to

—HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907

THE plurality which the Republicans rolled up last Tuesday was of the good old-fashioned size. So long as it takes six figures to quote the Republican plurality it seems quite evident that some of the alarmists of the State were misinformed.

THE assault and murder of a 10-year-old daughter of Michael Donnelley at Renovo last week was one of the most revolting crimes in the history of the State. The dead child's uncle is in jail at Lock Haven charged with committing the crime.

THE noted actor, Raymond Hitchcock, who disappeared several days ago, after he had been indicted on charges preferred by several young girls, appeared at the criminal courts building in New York, Wednesday, and will face his accusers. He says he is innocent and will endeavor to prove it. His reappearance at the Astor theatre brought forth a demonstrative welcome from the audience.

JUST to set the Port Allegany Reporter right it may be remarked that the county commissioners did submit the order for printing the election ballots to bids as required by law. Also they were not sent to Bradford, but printed at the MINER office. And another little mistake of the Reporter's was saying last week that a successor to Geo. W. Mitchell, sheriff of the county, was to be elected Tuesday. Mr. Mitchell has over a year to serve in his present capacity.

CURRENCY is so short in some of the larger cities that clearing house certificates are being used as a medium of exchange. These certificates are simply checks made payable to bearer and endorsed by the proper officials of a clearing house. In making up the payrolls of the large manufacturing plants in and around Pittsburg these certificates of the denomination of five, ten and twenty dollars are used almost entirely in place of bills. Such a money stringency has not been known for many years.

BRANDING her wealthy young husband as a scoundrel, a liar and a coward, for charging her with misconduct with their negro coachman, Mrs. Henry Johnson Lord of New York will fight his divorce proceedings. She says: "He is simply tired of me and has taken this horrible means of getting rid of me." She remarks that her husband is simply imitating Hartje, the Pittsburg millionaire, because he has not sufficient originality to trump up a case of his own, and she intimates that when the case comes to a hearing it will result in as sensational disclosures as have come out of the Hartje affair.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Sunday evening, July 17, 1887, Frank Schaffer, L. H. Bartlett and two boys went to Marvin creek for the purpose of bathing. The place selected was on the land of George Barrett, in Keating township, 8 miles south of this place, on the south side of the creek. As soon as they reached the place Mr. Schaffer disrobed himself and placing his hands together said, "Good-bye, boys," and sprang into the water. The shore at that point is very bold—almost perpendicular, so nearly so that a person can not stand upright on the brink of the stream—and the water was from twelve to sixteen feet deep. Mr. Bartlett had partially removed his clothing, but hesitated about going into the water on account of being so warm. In a moment Schaffer came to the surface and appeared to be striking about wildly with his hands. Bartlett, believing him to be in trouble, called to him, but he made no reply or even a noise, and again disappeared beneath the water. Mr. Bartlett immediately procured a rail for the purpose of aiding the now seemingly doomed man, but his efforts were of no avail as he did not again come to the surface. After remaining in the water an hour and a half his body was recovered.

Mr. Schaffer had been troubled with heart disease for some years, and it is supposed that as the water was very cold at the bottom of the creek, and the deceased very warm when he plunged in, that the shock was so great that it seriously affected the fountain of life, and either partially or wholly stopped its action, which rendered him powerless to save himself. The unfortunate man was about 23 years of of age, and was a laborer by occupation. His funeral was held at the home of the late Gardner Barrett on Tuesday, and was attended by a large concourse of people. The services were conducted by the Rev. Wm. Bradley of this place. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

On Wednesday evening, July 13, 1887, Dr. and Mrs. S. I. Wells of this place, met with an accident from which they miraculously escaped death. They were returning from a drive to Farmer's Valley, and while proceeding along Nelson street at a fair rate of speed, the horse came in contact with a telegraph wire which was hanging across the street just far enough from the ground to strike the animal across the knees, which threw him as quick as a flash, the carriage and its occupants being thrown over his prostrate body in a conglomerate mass into the ditch. The doctor escaped with a bruised shoulder, but Mrs. Wells did not fare so lucky, as her shoulder was badly wrenched besides sustaining quite severe bodily injuries. The shock was so great as to literally tear her dress from her person and her shoes from her feet. Notwithstanding their terrible shaking up the Dr. and his estimable wife are fast recovering from their injuries. The carriage was almost a total wreck. The question naturally arises, who is responsible for the telegraph wire being in a position so as to endanger life and property. We understand Dr. Wells will make an effort to place the responsibility where it rightfully belongs.

And now it becomes our pleasant duty to congratulate Commissioners' Clerk M. B. Greer on the arrival, Wednesday evening, July 27, 1887, at his residence, or, to use the language of a lady who knows whereof she speaks, "the handsomest girl baby I ever saw." Murry will be excused if he does add a cubit or so to his stature in honor of the happy event.

Fifty years ago Monday, July 25, 1857, Hon. S. A. Backus of this place, then a resident of Ithaca, N. Y., was wedded to Matilda Goodwin, at the home of her father, Amos Goodwin, at Kidder's Ferry on Cayuga Lake. On the same day and at the same ceremony, Charles G. Day of Ithaca was wedded to Hester Goodwin, sister of Mrs. Backus. Forty-two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Backus moved to McKean county, first on what is known as the Turtle Point property on the Allegheny river. Six years later they moved to this place and have continuously resided here since. Mr. Backus represented this district (McKean, Elk and Clearfield) in the legislature in the sessions of 1856 and 1857. Mrs. Backus had a stroke of paralysis on November 9, 1886, from which she has almost entirely recovered. At present the aged couple are in usually good health and their many friends hope that they may live to enjoy many more of their wedding anniversaries. Mrs. Day of Ithaca died something over two years ago.

Frank Andrews has purchased the F. O. Richmond property on Marvin creek road near the Poor Farm. The purchase includes a large house and about twenty-three acres of improved land. Consideration $1,800. This is a very desirable property, and Frank is to be congratulated on his good fortune in securing it.

You can't be well if you have a weak, unhealthy, tired out stomach. Neither can you feel good if by some little irregularity in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a very bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 2, 1907:

Miss Sarah Carl.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this trial test. Sold by all druggists.

Wanted.

Local representative for Smethport and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine, on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address Publisher, Box 59, Station O, New York.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little ones in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For sale—New modern residence on West King street, one of the finest locations and a bargain. S. P. Button.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They do not grip. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

ONLY NECESSARY TO TREAT THE STOMACH

Claim of Central Figure in Recent Controversy Is Novel.

The new theory advanced by L. T. Cooper relative to the human stomach has attracted such widespread attention that the public in cities visited by the young man has been joined by many physicians in a discussion of his beliefs and medicines.

Mr. Cooper says that human health is dependent almost entirely upon the stomach. He says that no disease can be conquered without first alleviating all stomach disorders. He further says that most men and women of this generation are half-sick, owing to degenerate stomachs. And lastly, he claims that his New Discovery medicine will rejuvenate the human stomach in 90 days.

Cooper has been traveling from one city to another, conducting in each what he calls a campaign of education. For the past year he has met the public in the larger cities of the country, and his success has been phenomenal. Thousands of people have flocked to his headquarters wherever he has gone, and the sale of his medicine has been beyond anything of the kind ever before witnessed.

Possibly the most interesting feature of the attention this young man has attracted is what his army of followers, whom he has converted to his beliefs through his medicines, have to say on the subject. The following statements are from two well known residents of Chicago and Boston, respectively, and the enthusiasm of these is characteristic of Cooper's admirers generally.

Mrs. H. B. Mack, of 3201 State street, Chicago, says: "I have been suffering for 12 years from a combination of stomach troubles, catarrh and constipation. I had a gnawing pain in the pit of my stomach, a sort of a dull pain that I could not quite understand. Then there was a dull headache, and my mind seemed to be wandering continually. I could not eat, and what little solid food I did eat I could not retain on my stomach. I tried every remedy I could think of, and also tried out a number of patent medicines, but without any apparent result. It was through one of my friends that I heard of Cooper's preparation, and I immediately decided to try some of it. It is two weeks since I took my first dose of it, and I feel like a new woman. The headache seems to have disappeared, and the pain in my stomach along with it. The medicine is worth its weight in gold, and I want to thank Mr. Cooper for what he has done for me."

Mr. Edwin F. Morse, of 20 Oakley street, Dorchester, a suburb of Boston, says: "For three years I had not a well day. My stomach was in frightful shape; the mere thought of food would nauseate me, and I really had a horror of anything to eat. All solid food would cause me extreme indigestion, bloating and gas on my stomach, and nothing tasted right. Some time ago I got some of this Cooper's medicines, about which there is so much talk. I actually feel as well and strong as a boy ever since the first bottle. Every sign of stomach trouble has disappeared, and I have a hearty appetite and eat three square meals; every thing seems to taste good. Anyone who knows what chronic indigestion is can appreciate what this means to me. I consider this the most remarkable medicine I ever heard of."

We sell Mr. Cooper's medicines, and find them to be all he claims.—McCoy's Drug Store.

Olean's Big Department Store.

Ready-to-Wear Department News.

New Suits New Coats
Skirts and Waists

Perhaps you are confronted with the Great Eternal Problem—what to buy, where to buy, when to buy.

Our Garment Department ought to help you. Why not come and look them over? We tell of some of them here.

Our buyer in New York has made a big purchase of Ladies' and Misses' suits and coats that will be sold at least 1-3 less than market price, don't fail to give us a call as it will pay you.

$60.00	suits at	$48.00	$10.00	coats at	$ 6.95
50.00	" "	35.00	12.00	" "	10.00
30.00	" "	25.00	15.00	" "	12.50
25.00	" "	20.00	20.00	" "	15.00
20.00	" "	18.00	25.00	" "	20.00
18.00	" "	15.00			

BELL BROTHERS

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

License Transfer Notice.

In re application of John Carl Block for transfer of liquor license at Quarter Sessions of McKean County, No. 18, June Sessions, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by John Carl Block, to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, on the 18th day of November, A. D., 1907, at 9 o'clock a. m. for the transfer of a retail license granted May 10, 1907, to Fritz Block for the White Star Hotel, in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, Pa., situate on the north side of Main street on lot No. 1; the residence of John Carl Block is Hazelhurst, Pa., and his occupation, clerk.

V. B. BOUTON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 6, 1907.

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION
THE BEE HIVE SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON
Patented March 6, 1906

HUN-E-LAX
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"PURE AS HONEY"
AS GOOD AS IT'S PURE

Cleanses your insides, with natural sweetness, imparts tone and regularity to the movement of the bowels and keeps the liver active.

Clears your complexion.

Cures sick headache.

Stimulates the healthy growth of every organ in the body and insures perfect health and long life.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists

Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY.

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House,
85c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister,
30c
We Can Please You.

50c
Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of.

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

The Printzess Cadet is the Coat that Unites Exclusive Styles and Honest Quality.

Every mother's daughter who likes nice clothes will want a Printzess Cadet--the snappiest styles we ever sold or you ever saw.

They show the latest fashions as do the adult's Printzess, but so adapted to youthful tastes that they are "creations" by themselves.

You'll see the difference when you see one on your own little girl. And you'll appreciate it better when you'll find how it wears. Materials, tailoring and fit are all guaranteed by the Printzess label.

Come in and see what values are represented in these illustrations.

We have arranged our complete line of children's garments for a grand showing from Nov. 8 to Nov. 16, and will have many special coats to offer. During this time it will pay one to select the winter coat while sizes are complete.

This season shows the largest line to select from as well as the best values we ever offered.

"Printzess coats are best." And surely you want a Printzess.

The Lindholm Company.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives, Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer of Main street, on Monday, a boy.

—Dancing school and after dance at the hose house next Tuesday evening.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Washington Stark of Green street, on Monday, a girl.

—Yesterday the fountains in front of court house "donned their winter overcoats."

—The Smethport Hose company will give a supper and dance at the hose house Friday, Nov. 22.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new ad today that will be of great interest to the ladies. Do not fail to read it.

—Roswell Sartwell is seriously ill at his home on King street from a stroke of paralysis which he recently suffered.

—P. E. Abby, who has been in a dangerous condition from paralysis for the past week, is reported slightly better to-day.

—Misses Maud Heath and Lena Young have opened a dressmaking establishment in the D. C. Young building on Main street.

—John Vanblad has installed in his blacksmith shop on Water street an apparatus for shoeing troublesome horses. By its use the most fractious animal is made as harmless as a kitten and is easily shod, without injury, and with a great saving of time and labor.

—Constable Jones arrested an intoxicated man Monday who was sleeping on a West Main street lawn. The law of "the eternal fitness of things" was certainly violated in this case.

—Mandeville, Republican, received 23 more votes than Foley, Democrat, in the Olean race for mayor Tuesday. The mystic "23" in this case is being used to great advantage in kidding Mr. Foley.

—A representative of the MINER visited the Smethport Window Glass factory Tuesday night and found a busy place. The factory is running to full capacity and everything seems to be satisfactory.

—The plant of the Cornplanter Refining company at Warren was damaged by fire last night to the extent of $80,000. John Guffstafson, an employe of the plant, was badly burned about the head and hands.

—Attorney Thos. H. Morrison is ill with typhoid fever in a Philadelphia hospital. Mr. Morrison was in attendance at the session of Superior court when taken with the malady. His wife, father and mother are also in that city.

—The First Baptist church of Kane was dedicated this week with appropriate ceremonies lasting from Sunday until to-day. Souvenir programs can be obtained for 15 cents, excellent pictures of the new edifice for 15 cents, and post cards for 5 cents by addressing the Rev. W. G. Carl, pastor of the new church.

—The Eldred football team defeated Port Allegany at Kane Field last Thursday afternoon by a score of 10 to 5. It was an interesting contest highly appreciated by a fair-sized crowd. In the first half each team scored a touchdown and failed to kick goal. Eldred secured another touchdown in the second half and won the contest. Eldred's team work was good after the first ten minutes of play and more than made up for the superior weight of its opponents.

—After all it was not Ralph Burdick of Smethport that killed the bear 'way up Potato creek last week, but a cousin of the same name, residing in Norwich township, who is only 14 years old. The MINER's telegraphic account of the affair last week was sent via barbed wire fence—therefore was mutilated in transit.

—From the Bradford Star it is learned that Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Patterson left yesterday for New York, from which port they will sail on Monday for Peru, South America, where the former will be employed by an Italian oil syndicate. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are former residents of Smethport and have many friends here who wish them good luck in Peru.

—The bids have been opened for the four new buildings of the North Warren State Hospital, and work will be commenced upon them next spring. The buildings will be a men's infirmary, woman's building, dwelling for the steward, and a men's building. Wm. Hanley of Bradford was the lowest bidder. The new structures will have room for 250 patients.

—Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Young have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Lois Fuller, to Edward Allan Studholme of Folsom, W. Va., which will occur at St. Luke's church, Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, at 7 o'clock. Miss Young is one of Smethport's most attractive and accomplished young ladies, and Mr. Studholme is a popular young man, who was a resident of Smethport for a number of years.

—The Johnsonburg Breeze in its account of the recent appearance in that town of "The Toymakers," says that Hiram P. Briggs, who plays the part of John Senior Stubbs, had been compelled to enter the Bradford hospital on account of an attack of typhoid fever, and that his wife took his part in the play. This actor was hardly able to stand erect on account of illness when the company played Smethport, but managed to play his part in spite of his sufferings.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensative bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

The Postmaster of Gasconade, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. "I am doing so well; and improving so fast in health that I cannot say too much for your Kidney and Bladder Pills. I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Lost—Oct. 29, gold watch and fob. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce is visiting friends in Olean this week.

Mrs. Daniel Acre of Olean is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Kate Christley of Colegrove was in town this week.

Mrs. Edna Warren was a visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Miss May Choate visited Mt. Jewett friends over Sunday.

Oscar Cain of Olean was greeting friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Hazel Hopper of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Ward Raymer and little son left Tuesday for their home in Austin.

Miss Ida Bennett left yesterday for Kane where she will pass a few days.

Mrs. H. Snyder of Coleville visited Smethport friends during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blake of Eldred were guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett was a guest of relatives and friends in town last week.

Miss Josephine Monroe of Olean passed Sunday in town a guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was in town yesterday and made the MINER office a brief, but pleasant, call.

T. W. Sweeney, who is working in Buffalo, visited his home in Smethport the first part of the week.

Jake Neipling of Clyde, N. Y., has returned to Smethport where he will blow glass in the factory this fire.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were guests of Smethport relatives and friends Tuesday.

Mrs. M. E. Squires of Port Allegany was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Eastman, during the past week.

Mrs. John D. Abbey of East Smethport visited her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thumm of Bradford, this week.

Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo and Mrs. L. J. Welde of Springville, N. Y., are guests of Miss Nettie Dautley.

Mrs. Gertrude Carryer of Friendship, N. Y., spent Sunday with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Wales of East Smethport.

Misses Helen and Jeanette Rogers of Mt. Jewett were guests of their grandfather, H. M. Choate, during the past week.

Misses Ethel Brynor and Helen Smith returned to their homes in Bradford last Saturday after spending the week in Smethport.

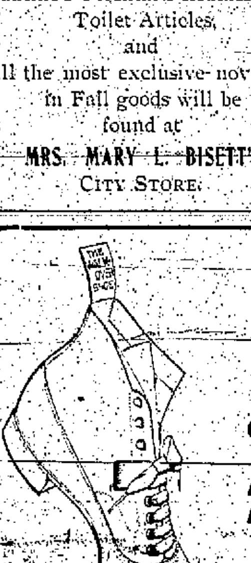
Hon. James A. McKean, Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison, Prothonotary S. E. Bell, Mrs. Bell and son and Attorney F. D. Gallup visited Bradford yesterday.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

Vantine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Articles,
and
All the most exclusive novelties in Fall goods will be found at

MRS. MARY L. BISETT'S
CITY STORE.



WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR MEN.
$3.50, $4 and $5.
Come, Let Us Fit You.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Sale of Decorative China.

IMPORTED SAMPLES.

We offer this week 82 sample pieces of fine china at prices which make them truly remarkable bargains.

The importer had finished his season's business just before we happened along and was ready to close out his samples. This is effected at a loss, but in this instance the price made to us was much more of a reduction than usual.

We bought them at an average of less than half—you may own one or more at the same reduction this week. Its a capital opportunity to lay by a few Christmas gifts or fill in a nich in your own home with a dainty piece of Brick-a-Brack.

Figures—Baskets—Vases—Bowls—Bottles—Jars, etc., in all sizes up to vases 20 inches high.

Values from $1.00 to $12.00
Sale Prices, 50c to $4.75

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running **right at the crank of a separator** than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, **the crank, tells you so** as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The **waist low** can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Cream Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent.** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

The GENERALSHIP of PHILLIDA.

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Phillida struck several disconnected chords, then broke into rollicking rag time. Her head was thrown back, her moist crimson lips broken apart in a smile, her eyes shining and luminous. Every inch of space in the room seemed to vibrate with the mad joy of her mood.

Suddenly the telephone bell in the corridor pierced the melody with a prolonged, imperative summons. Phillida jumped up from the instrument and ran out to answer it, the crimson splurging into her cheeks.

"One-eight-three-five Main"

"Hello! Is that you, Phil?"

"Me—yes," she replied ungrammatically and tremulously.

Hartridge seemed to wait a second for something. She distinctly heard his throat clear, and the hissing little s and that followed told Phillida that he caught his breath once or twice. Then:

"Phillida," he said hastily, "I hate like the dence to tell you, but it's [illegible] and there's no use putting it off. I—I am going away."

"Billy! What?"

"Yes. I'm rushed [illegible] desperately to Mexico—this afternoon. [illegible] I took that $1000 and invested it in R and G. Lost every cent. The governor told me to keep out of the bucket shops with my [illegible] foolishness, but—but—"

"Oh-h, Billy!"

"Well, you see," he continued in a hoarse voice, "I had been put next to one of those private tips, and I just fell in. Now I shall simply have to get down to work and pay the price of my folly in the cold or grim experience."

For a moment there was no reply. Then the girl's voice, drab, dispirited, drifted over the wire.

"Billy, how could you?"

"Why—why, it was this way, Phil," he cried back eagerly in a final attempt at self extenuation. "I thought if I could double or maybe treble my little bank account we wouldn't have so long to wait—"

Something sweet and gurgling broke suddenly against his ear. Hartridge removed the receiver and stared into its [illegible]. Then he placed it back and listened. Phillida was laughing.

"Dear me, you stupid old goose," she was saying now. "I have all the money—"

"Out of the question," he cut in curtly. "[illegible] don't suppose I'm that style of [illegible], do you? No, [illegible]. There's no end of a good chance down there for energy and determination if a fellow has his living to make—if he wants to get ahead. There aren't many opportunities here for the inexperienced, and—oh, well, anyway, I've decided to try my luck."

Muffled sobs shut him off peremptorily. Two [illegible] minutes [illegible] Hartridge was on his way to the Pendletons.

Phillida went back to the drawing room, but [illegible] She was too unutterably crushed to do anything but sit [illegible] and hold her hands. Her heart [illegible] like a stone, her brothers [illegible] and whistled "Billy's going away." [illegible] mind slowly [illegible] to grasp the fact. And in her heart [illegible] the happiest girl in the world.

In a dazed [illegible] she [illegible] and went out into the flower garden. The [illegible] There were roses everywhere. They nodded their [illegible] heads in silent sympathy, while the [illegible] them [illegible] and the [illegible] gestures of [illegible] peered forth at her from every direction. A sudden shadow cut through the streaming sunlight. Phillida turned and lifted her face to Hartridge's pained eyes.

"Billy," she said, "you were only joking!"

He spoke with a gravity she had not seen in him before.

"Not by any means, Phillida. When I rang you up it was with the intention of saying goodby without seeing you. I—I felt as though I could not bear it. But when you took it the way you did I made up my mind to come to you and explain how necessary it is that I should go."

Phillida dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and choked back a sniff.

"If you really loved me, Billy, you would not think of going."

Hartridge frowned, halfway between hurt and displeasure.

"That is just why I am taking this step. It offers the quickest route to our happiness."

"But, dear—it seems so foolish and quixotic when I have—"

"Phillida," he interrupted sharply, "you are not going to send me away discouraged—after all?" His tone sank to an appeal on the last two words.

Suddenly contrite, Phillida came up to him and gave him her hands. Twin tears like wine drops from her wine brown eyes slid shiningly down her cheeks and splashed on their interlocked fingers. She lifted her lips, soft and red as rose leaves. Hartridge caught her in his arms and kissed her quickly twice. The gate latch clicked, and he put her away from him abruptly, turning to go.

"My train leaves at 3:20. I shall write as soon as I get to my destination. Goodby."

Phillida shook hands formally with her lover as Mr. Pendleton came up. When Hartridge had finally disappeared, after a few words with her father, the girl turned and questioned the latter with her eyes. She was wondering what had brought him home at this hour.

"I am leaving on the noon train for Chicago, Phil. Important business. Will you see to the packing of my things? By the way, what's young Hartridge going down into that death hole for all by himself? He'll be sure to catch yellow fever and die, especially as there's no one to see to him. It—it isn't you, is it, little girl?"

He did not wait for an answer, but went on in the house and left Phillida standing amid the flowers, white and shaking. Life or death! Her chaotic thought untangled itself with lightning rapidity. A few minutes later, with a satisfied smile, she ran on up to the house, then into Mr. Pendleton's room and began to get his things together for the journey.

Exactly at 3 o'clock a girl in a crisp white shirt waist and mushroom sailor smothered in veils left a cab in front of the Union depot and walked into the general waiting room. She looked about her furtively. All the faces were unfamiliar, and, depositing her grip and parasol in a corner of a seat, she went on to the ticket office. A crowd was ahead of her, and she fell in line just casually.

Soon a man in a light gray suit and [illegible], with a topcoat over one arm and a suit case suspended from the other, pushed his way through the throngs in the rear.

Phillida felt rather than saw his keen eyes probing the thickness of her veils. When she had sufficiently collected herself she glanced up with quickened breath, and their glances met.

"You!"

"I'm—him!" She adjusted her tie deliberately, struggling hard to maintain her flippancy.

"What in the—where—for heaven's sake—" Hartridge blurted out incoherently.

"Really, Billy, cannot one take a railroad journey without so much ado?" They had got apart from the crowd, and Phillida as she spoke turned and pushed back into line.

"But I don't understand. I did not know—you didn't tell me"— Hartridge broke off nonplused. The pulses in his temples were throbbing absurdly.

Phillida gave him her eyes an instant. They were suddenly vivid and subtle and tantalizing. Then without warning they brimmed with tears.

"There are so few opportunities here for—for inexperienced persons," she jerked out in a quivering undertone. "I've just learned of a place where any one who is—er—energetic and determined can get some sort of a start, and I—well, I've decided to try my luck. You see, poor papa—so unwise of him—has been fooling around bucket shops and—and—"

The color rose like a tidal wave in Hartridge's face. They could stop off in [illegible] long enough to have the ceremony performed and take the midnight train south. He looked again into Phillida's eyes. They were clear and bright and steadfast.

"You—you angel!"

He bought two tickets.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

They Worship the Cow

In the Nilghiri hills of southern India there dwells a tribe [illegible] the Todas, who devote the whole of their career to the worship of the cow, or, to be precise, of the buffalo. Their most sacred temple is a cow house, and the whole life of the people is governed by the most rigid observance of the [illegible] ritual. Every detail [illegible] which is performed with the most elaborate ritual. They alone can perform the duties of milking and [illegible] who have been duly consecrated for this work by fasting and the performance of mysterious rites. Representing the only priesthood they [illegible] after their initiation for the rest of their days to play the part of the dairyman. The lesser priests may marry, but the high priest must be a celibate at least for a given period of years.

Fun With a Jury

One of the most amusing yet unexpected sensation scenes ever witnessed in a theater occurred once at the Theater Royal, Manchester. The curtain drew up for Mr. Toole to address the court re Bardell versus Pickwick when suddenly the jury mysteriously disappeared, the bottom of their box having fallen out. At first the audience was silent, fearing some dreadful accident had occurred, but as the unlucky jurymen rapidly reappeared unhurt, though looking foolish, they broke out into a perfect hurricane of laughter which lasted several minutes. The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be "boxed" again, and when Mr. Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as "that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men."

Hours Very Enticing

In many downtown office buildings men representing out of town interests have only desk room where their mail is delivered. It was not an unusual thing then for two young fellows walking along a certain corridor to see on an office door the following:

"William Smith. Office hours, 1 to 2 p. m."

"I would like to work for that man, with half an hour off for lunch," said one of the strollers.

A few feet away the other youth stopped suddenly and, pointing at a door, said:

"I would prefer that man for a boss if he would give me that half hour for lunch."

The sign read:

"Charles Brown. Office hours, 1:30 to 2 p. m."—New York Globe.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

TESTED HIS LOGIC.

John Seemed to Make His Point, but Missed the Chicken.

The old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college.

"Tell us, John," said the father, "what have you learned at college?"

"Oh, lots of things," said the son as he recited his course of studies. "Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic," said the old man. "What is that?"

"It's the art of reasoning," said the son.

"The art of reasoning?" said the father. "What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?"

"Two," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "I can prove there are three." Then he stuck his fork in one and said, "That is one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the father.

"And this is two?" sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied the father again.

"Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John triumphantly.

"Well, I declare," said the father, "you have learned things at college. Well, mother," continued the old man to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat and I'll take the other, and John can have the third. How is that, John?"—Judge.

MEXICAN CARRIERS.

The Cargadors Can Carry Enormous Loads on Their Shoulders.

Just as one finds the ricksha everywhere in India, so one finds the cargador in Mexico. He is a beast of burden. In general he is a comparatively small man, with broad shoulders and stout arms and legs. To look at him one would not think he would be able to carry heavy burdens. But the weight he can carry is surprising. You have a trunk you can scarcely move, for instance. You send for a cargador. He gets it upon his back, high up on the shoulders, and he marches off with it as easily as though it were a plaything. A life dedicated to carrying heavy burdens has made this work easy for him. A slightly built Mexican will carry over 700 pounds on his shoulders for short distances.

Until recent years almost everything in the City of Mexico and everywhere else throughout the republic was carried upon the backs of cargadors. If you wanted to move your household furniture you hired a certain number of cargadors. For house moving they generally work in pairs, each pair having a hand truck which they pick up and carry when it is loaded, for it has no wheels. In the City of Mexico there are still hundreds of these hand trucks, though one may now find plenty of carts, wagons and heavy moving trucks.—Mexican Herald.

The Only Pie o He Cared About

"There was a [illegible]," said a lecturer in the midst of a little sermon on selfishness, "who was travelling from Paris to Monte Carlo. On his journey he [illegible] at Menton, where he sent for his valet, who had preceded him, and [illegible] him at that point. Alas, he [illegible] exclaimed the count's courier [illegible] I have just to [illegible] my [illegible] He was killed in a railway [illegible] His corpse lies on the outskirts of Menton, cut in a hundred pieces.' 'Ah,' murmured the count regretfully. 'Then just go back and fetch me the piece that contains my trunk key.'"

The Old Way and the New

The young lady from Boston was explaining. "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base and a corresponding one in the apex. Then you apply the lips to the aperture and by forcibly inhaling the breath the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

An old lady who was listening exclaimed:

"It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal they made a hole in each end and sucked."—Judge's Library.

What the Poet Says

After their honeymoon to Niagara falls they came back and settled on the old farm.

"Gracious, Sile!" said Cynthia. "Why are you in such a bad humor?"

"Making butter is blamed hard work," grumbled Silas, removing the beads from his brow.

"Oh, cheer up, Sile! Don't the poet say that it is 'love that makes the world go round?'"

"Yes, but by gosh it don't make the churn go round."—Chicago News.

A Change In Temperature

"I hear the audience last night was rather cold," said Hi Tragedy.

"They were at first," replied Lowe Comed, "but when they remembered that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The W[illegible]st Part

So your daughter is going to marry a title, still the old acquaintance.

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's worse than that. She's got to take a fellow that I don't like along with it."—Washington Star.

His Coat of Arms

Mrs. Newrich—Don't you think, William, now we are getting into the smart set that we should have a coat of arms? Mr. N.—Certainly, my dear. I'll see my tailor about it tomorrow.—London Opinion.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others.—Emerson.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C A Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER

The Scrap Book

Not In Her Class.

After preaching a sermon on the fate of the wicked an English clergyman met an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities, and he said to her: "My good dame, I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Yes," she replied, "but as to that, if I 'as anything to say it be this. Let 'em gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't."

SCORN

Who are the men that good men most despise?
Not they who, ill begot and spawned in shame,
Rise on [illegible] and rot before men's eyes,
Who basely live and dying leave no name.
These are the piteous refuse of mankind,
Fated this [illegible] star when they were born,
Distort[ed] [illegible] starved in soul and mind.
Ah, not for them the good man's bitter scorn!
He only is the [illegible] one
Who, lightly [illegible] his [illegible]
For fawning knaves to hide them from the sun;
To [illegible] for crim[illegible] yet coward he doth [illegible]
[illegible] Swift to [illegible]
The [illegible] not Judas with his price.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

From Vegetable to Animal Kingdom.

The handwriting of Dr. Buckley, the eminent Methodist divine, is almost illegible. On one occasion, when he was to deliver a sermon on "Oats and Wild Oats," he sent an announcement thereof to one of the religious weeklies. Imagine his mingled chagrin and amusement when it appeared in print that he would preach on "Cats and Wild Cats."—Lippincott's.

Found a Better Place.

Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house, in [illegible] outside and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you black rascal?" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it."—Mark Twain.

He Wanted the Secret

A very aggressive crusade in favor of temperance was going on in a Scottish city, and a young philanthropist who had given large sums of money to help the cause, wanting a convert one afternoon, inquired how he was to get this man.

"Ah, Robert," said the gentleman sadly, "I'm afraid you've been drinking again. I can smell it in your breath. Why not give it up after this? You never smell the odor of it on my breath."

"No," [illegible] did. What d'ye dae [illegible] [illegible]."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Dangerous

"Ah! [illegible] wife [illegible]"
"Sure, sir, [illegible] awful sick."
"Is it dangerous?"
"No, [illegible] weak [illegible] dangerous any more."

A Hitch In the Programme

[illegible] tells this story:

A delegation from Kansas visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The president met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "dee-lighted to see you—dee-lighted! But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me, and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled president and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the president. "John! Where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."—Everybody's.

Provincialism Illustrated

"You people out in Missouri," said a New York man to Congressman Champ Clark, "are all right, but you are too provincial."

"Provincial?" snorted Clark. "Provincial? Why, let me tell you, sir, the shoe is on the other foot. Nobody in New York knows anything about Missouri, but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York."

Lincoln and the Orange

"I was eight years old when my father took me with him to Washington," says a man now prominent in national life. "It was during the darkest hours of the rebellion. We were walking on the street when a tall, thin man with very long legs and loose clothes and a frowning, wrinkled face came striding toward us. His eyes were fixed on the pavement. His lips were moving, and I remember thinking how cross he looked. But I was more interested in watching a ragged little urchin between us standing barefooted on the curb, his dirty hands clutched behind him, his lips twisting and his big eyes fixed on a pile of oranges in a vender's cart. The vender's back was turned while he made change for a customer. The tall man passed the boy at the same time we did. He stopped suddenly, plunged a hand into his pocket, bought a big orange, gave it to the boy and went on.

"The boy was grinning and had already set his teeth in the orange, much to my envy, when my father asked him if he knew who gave it to him. He shook his head.

"'That was President Lincoln, lad,' my father said. 'Hurry and thank him.'

"The boy ran, caught the flopping coat, and as the stern face turned sharply he called, 'Thank you, Mr. President Lincoln!'

"Suddenly the face was transformed as I have never seen a face since then. A beautiful smile covered it. A voice which thrills me yet said:

"'You're welcome, boy. You wanted to steal it while the fellow wasn't looking, didn't you? But you wouldn't because it wasn't honest. That's the right way. I wish some men I know were like you.'"

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Encouragement.

He—I have [illegible] a mum-mum-man who nun-nun-never says dud-dud-dud-dud don't you know?

Mrs. Gentle—Well, never mind. You certainly try hard enough to do so.—Life.

Inside Information

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party with merely a handshake with the wife of the secretary of war. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say: "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding with a very impressive manner, "I've heard of your husband."—Lippincott's.

A Palpable Hit

"Daudet," said the late Richard Mansfield, "in his charming book called 'Artists' Wives,' shows us how the actor, the painter and the poet are tormented by their better halves. But has it never occurred to you that there is another side to the question? Don't the actor, the painter and the poet sometimes do a deal of tormenting themselves?

"I have a friend, a playwright. His wife is good and beautiful. Last New Year's eve he said to her at dinner:

"'Darling, I cannot begin the new year better than by confessing my turpitude to you. Know then that ours was a bigamous and illegal marriage. My real wife, with her three children, is living in Denver.'

"The lady ran distractedly from the room.

"'Calm yourself,' the playwright shouted as he put down his knife and fork and hurried after her. 'That isn't really true. It is only a speech that the villain makes to the heroine in my new play, and I wanted to get some idea as to how the heroine would take it.'"

Everything Belonged to the Boss

An old bachelor who lives in the suburbs of a southern city hires a colored man to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services.

"Boss, our blackin' am done out," said the darky to his employer one day.

"What do you mean by saying 'our blacking'? Everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

On the following Sunday the bachelor met the [illegible] accompanied by a chocolate colored female pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day.

"No, boss; dat's not our chile. Dat's your chile. Is nebber gwine to say nuthin b'longs to me no moah."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ethical Distinction

Representative Robinson of Indiana was declaiming on the beauties of nature. "I love to see the early morning sunshine kiss the dome of the capitol, paint it golden and make it look glad."

"I'll bet you $10 you never saw it," said Representative Ruppert of New York.

"My son," replied Robinson, "this is a poetical, not a bookmaking, proposition."

Hard to Be Just to a Rival.

John B. McDonald, builder of New York's subway, was seeking to escape a direct opinion about another contractor.

"It is rather too much to ask of human nature to be just to a rival," he said. "I once had in my employ a laborer, and a good worker he was, whose activities were cut short by a premature blast. I overheard two of his friends discussing the victim.

"'It's an awful thing, Paddy, the way poor Dinny was tuk,' observed Casey.

"'It is, it is,' replied Paddy feelingly. 'A fine mon was Dinny.'

"'He was that.'

"'And a fine shoveler.'

"'He was a good shoveler,' admitted Paddy.

"'As good a shoveler as youse find in a year's lookin'.'

"'He was a good shoveler—a good shoveler, he was, but he was not what you would call a fancy shoveler.'"

An Evasive Answer

A lady sending a green servant to answer the doorbell, said: "If anybody asks if I am in give an evasive answer."

"Who was it?" asked the mistress when the servant returned.

"A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the sore ness and inflammation, for any form of Piles it soothes and relieves pain itching, burning. Man Zan Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C A Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lodge Directory.

F & A M—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p m at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H REDFIELD, W M
W F SPECHT, Sec'y

I O O F—Smethport Lodge No 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I O O F Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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I O O F—Smethport Encampment, No 237, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall.
[illegible], Chief Patriarch
J A SWANSON, Scribe

G A R—McKean Post, No 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at [illegible] in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H I BURLINGAME, Com
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W R C—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I O O F Hall.
MRS ADELE GRIGSBY, Pres't
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J C GALLUP, Recorder

K O T M—Smethport Tent No 9 meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 in I O O F Hall
W H [illegible], Com
A B [illegible], R K

L O T M—Brown Hive No 48, meets in I O O F Hall Tuesday afternoon
[illegible], Com
[illegible], R K

C M B A—Smethport Branch 31 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W C T U Hall, Hackus block at 7 30 p m
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THOMAS CLARK, Rec Sec'y

W C T U—Meets [illegible] [illegible]
MRS I A [illegible]
MRS MARY E RICHMOND, Sec'y

P H C—Smethport Branch No 25 meets on every Tuesday evening in I O O F Hall
C M COLEGROVE, Pres
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y

Phoenix Chapter No [illegible] O E S—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall
MRS MARIA [illegible], W M
MRS [illegible], Sec'y

I O R M—Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warriors degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A A ALLEY, [illegible]
L K HOGARTH, C of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W A Wiltis, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 00 p m, preaching at 10 30 a m, Sunday school at 11 [illegible] m, Junior League at 3 p m, Epworth League at 6 30 p m, evening service at 7 30 p m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p m.

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 30 p m. Additional service at 8 a m, except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3 00 p m.

St Elizabeth's Catholic church—J F Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a m one Sunday and at 10 30 a m on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T D Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 30 p m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p m. Senior Endeavor at 6 30 p m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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A Lucky Hit.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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A man sat on the brow of a hill and kicked himself. Incidentally he was smoking a cigarette and watching the sunset.

Why, oh, why, had he ever thought that he needed absolute rest and quiet—that he didn't want ever to hear applause again or to look into people's faces? A solid week of this coveted solitude had made him "a sadder and a wiser man." What wouldn't he give this very moment for something to happen?

He jumped up suddenly. Something had happened, something very aggravating. As he stooped down to pick up the little green apple that had hit him squarely on the shoulder a boyish laugh rang out on the other side of a nearby fence.

He threw the apple back over the fence again and reversed his opinion on the value of absolute quiet.

The next night the same thing happened, only this time when the apple roused him from his reverie the sun had been some time set and darkness and silence were stealing over the hill.

"I'll catch that kid this time," he said, jumping up.

With a run and a bound he made the fence and landed lightly on the other side face to face with a young fellow almost as tall as himself.

"Well, bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "I expected to find a kid. I was coming over to lick you."

"Forget it," returned the youth, leading the way to a seat under a luxurious grape arbor. "I've been watching you every night; thought perhaps you'd like company, so threw you an invitation."

"MY BROTHER WAS DETAINED IN TOWN."

"You struck it, or, rather me, just right, young man. I do like company. What's your name?"

"Nix."

"That's easy to remember."

"Short for Nixon. What's yours?"

"Vin."

"What?"

"Vin—short for Vincent."

"Oh, I see." And the boy laughed merrily and slapped his knee.

"Boarding down at the farm?"

"Yes, and beastly tired of it. You live here all the year around?"

"Good gracious, no! Just staying a few weeks with my grandparents. Dead slow! You're the only civilized man I've seen since I got here."

A brief silence followed, in which Vincent struck a match and lighted a cigarette.

"Have one, Nix?"

"No, thanks."

"Too young, I s'pose. I contracted the habit long before I was your age, though."

"Oh, 'tisn't that," answered Nix carelessly, crossing one well shaped leg over the other. "But the grandparents, you know—they think it's a crime."

"They won't be out here, will they?"

"Oh, no. But I have to kiss 'em good night. I'm their son's only son, you see—the baby of the family."

Vincent laughed heartily at the boy's tone of disgust.

"Any pretty girls in the neighborhood?" he asked after a puff or two.

"You seen any?" returned Nix.

"Not one—more's the pity."

"You like 'em, then?"

"Bet your life! Don't you?"

"Oh, so-so. I get on better with fellows, though."

"You'll get over that," laughed Vincent. "But I must be going. It's nearly pitch dark, and I'll lose my way down to the farm."

"Coming up tomorrow night?"

"Sure thing! You won't have to waste any more green apples on me. Good night!"

One night a week or so later, in which time Vincent and his young friend had become great chums, the former proposed a fishing trip over the mountains, but Nixon shook his head listlessly.

"No. bit, Vin," he replied. "Never could stand fishing. Gets your hands so messed up taking the flapping things off the hook."

Vincent looked at the boy's fastidious white hands and could hardly blame him.

"I'll take 'em off for you," urged Vincent. "Come on."

"No, thanks. Besides, I've got to go up to town tomorrow afternoon with grandmother."

"I've a good mind to go myself," said Vincent. "This country life's getting on my nerves. What train are you going on?"

"Give it up," answered the boy resignedly. "Grandmother changes her mind every five minutes. But you'll find country life all right after tonight, old man. I'm going to bring my sister back with me."

"Didn't know you had one, Nix. That's jolly. What's she like?"

"The freshest ever."

"Good! Is she pretty?"

"People tell her so. She pretends not to like it, but I bet she does."

"Introduce me the very first thing?"

"As soon as you like."

Then the boy sighed.

"What's the matter with you, Nix?"

"Oh, just thinking how it will be all over with me after she comes. I can see you falling in love with her now. What does it feel like, Vin, to be in love?"

"Tell you, my child, when I've been there."

"Oh, fudge! You've been there a dozen times."

"Honor, I haven't; thought I was sometimes, of course, just as you will, Nix, when all the girls begin to run after you."

"They never will," sighed Nix.

"Don't you believe it. Girls adore eyes like yours. Are your sister's eyes that same wonderful blue, and has she curly brown hair like yours?"

"Oh, quit it!" Nix replied petulantly and walked off toward the house in the darkness.

The next night, in order not to seem too eager, Vincent let the sun disappear and waited for the young moon to hang up her crescent before he took his usual way up the hill. He discarded the short cut over the fence and made a very proper entrance through the garden gate.

As he neared the grape arbor he could see the white folds of a woman's skirt, and his heart fluttered with anticipation.

"Mr. Vincent?" asked the young girl, standing hesitatingly at the other end of the arbor. "My brother was detained in town. He asked me to"—

"Nix, you witch, come here!" laughed Vincent, crushing the girl to him in all her freshness and kissing away her little gasps of expostulation.

"When did you find it out?" she managed to get breath enough to say at last.

"I knew it all the time," answered Vincent softly.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the girl and hid her hot cheeks in her hands. "How did you know it?"

"I had seen you in those charming boy's togs before, little actress, and recognized you the moment I jumped over the fence, though I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"You were at those theatricals?" gasped the girl. "Goodness gracious! You aren't John Vinton, the actor, are you, the one we girls rave over?"

"The very same. I mean I'm John Vinton, the actor. But honor bright, I didn't expect to find my own particular star."

The girl gave him a reproachful look.

"I wonder why I didn't recognize you?" she asked.

"Probably," he answered laughingly, "because I'm not a lady on the stage. But tell me, dear, what made you play such a prank?"

"Well, you see, grandma" (here they both had to laugh) "wouldn't let me go out in the evening. So I used to pretend to go to bed early, and then I put on those clothes and climbed down over the shed and—oh, you know the rest!"

"But what made you throw the apples at me?" persisted Vincent, holding her little hands captive.

"Boys always throw apples at people," was her unexpected reply, "and you were the only man—I mean person—in sight."

"It was a lucky hit for me, dearest," commented her lover, drawing her close and kissing her boyish mouth again and again.

Curious Westmorland Custom.

A strange custom is observed yearly in the small hamlet of Week, in Westmorland, in commemoration of an incident that happened in the year 1841. That year there was a plague of wasps and many persons throughout the country succumbed to the poisonous sting. The little hamlet holds the record for its number of victims, and in memory of the occurrence a memorial tablet was erected on the moor there. Now each year there is a procession. Most of the inhabitants turn out, carrying insect powder and other devices for killing wasps, and march to the memorial stone, where a short service is held by the minister of the parish. When the service is over a general crusade is made in search of wasps' nests, which are immediately destroyed. Some carry guns, some rags saturated in turpentine, while others carry paraffin, which is poured into the nest and a match applied. The anniversary is considered the most important event of the year.—English Country Gentleman.

Well Qualified.

"So you want the position of advance agent for our circus?" interrogated the manager. "Well, we need a man who can stir up some life everywhere he goes."

"That's me, boss," hastened the applicant.

"Had any experience in stirring up life?"

"You bet. I used to drive a street sweeper and stirred up millions of germs every day."—Chicago News.

NEW ZEALAND MAGIC.

A Native Story of the Power of the Tohunga.

From New Zealand comes the following weird yarn:

"The tohunga (native magician) was even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident: A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out by some omen connected with the dead chief whether they would be successful in their next encounter. The tohunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the bier. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present being fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy rose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times."—Chicago News.

THE OLD MASTERS.

Miserable Compensation For Their Grand Works of Art.

"I make more money in a day than Michael Angelo made in a month," said a popular illustrator. "I've been studying up the wages those old chaps got. It is amazing.

"Michael Angelo was paid $30 a month while doing the cartoons of the battle of Pisa, and Leonardo, who helped him, got the same rate. They were both docked for lateness and off days, but there was no overtime allowance. Correggio got for his 'Christ In the Garden' $7.25. Carracci's 'Resurrection' only brought the painter $8.50. Albert Durer for his pen and ink portraits was not paid in cash. A bag of flour, a hundred oysters, a pair of boots—Durer would gladly do your portrait on such a system of remuneration.

"Rembrandt's top notch price was $475. He got that for his 'Night Watch.'

"Velasquez worked chiefly for the Spanish government. He was paid at the average rate of $35 a picture. Think of it! Thirty-five dollars for the 'Rokeby Venus!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

A MARRIAGE FICTION.

The Old Time Notion That Matches Are Made In Heaven.

The polite fiction obtains that marriages are made in heaven. This romantic viewpoint is particularly popular in America, where it is held to be highly improper for parents to make any move toward securing good husbands for their daughters and immodest for girls to manifest any interest in the subject themselves.

The conventional theory is that the matter is on the knees of the gods and that in due season husbands will be provided like manna in the wilderness for sustenance of the faithful. Unfortunately this miracle does not always come off for every woman. The supply of manna gives out. There are not enough husbands to go around, and these are unevenly divided. Some women get three or four, while others get none. But neither the old maids nor their parents realize that the reason that they did not share in the dispensation was their own fault, because they did not put themselves, as old fashioned Methodists used to say, in an attitude to receive the blessing.—Dorothy Dix in Ainslee's.

The One Sided Humor of Spain.

The Spanish peasant is the most polished gentleman in the world, but the provincial dandy is not a pleasant person. He does not limit himself to admiring one (which might be endured). He laughs at one. Since the foreign city hat is different from the Spanish town hat, the Spanish town hat laughs and points its finger. Even a lady hat will do this. It never occurs to the Spanish provincial headgear that it is very funny, too—that is, because a Spaniard is under it, and therefore it must be right. Yet if the foreign city hat laughed the resentment would be deep.—Louise Closser Hale in Harper's.

Bunions.

"By the way," said the old shoemaker, "do you know what makes a bunion? No? Well, it is simply getting shoes too short. In a short shoe the foot cannot follow the dictates of growth imposed by nature. But it simply cannot keep from growing.

"So the tissue and bone and flesh that should go into the toes is simply sidetracked into a bunch wherever it can get the easiest and forms a bunion."—Philadelphia North American.

Willie's Wisdom.

Teacher—Willie, why don't you keep your hair combed? Willie—'Cause I ain't got no comb. Teacher—Why don't you ask your mamma to buy you one? Willie—'Cause then I'd have ter keep my hair combed.—Judge.

Better Left Unsolved.

Parke—Tell me, old chap, honest, now, do you permit your wife to control you? Lane—To be honest with you, that's a question I have never dared ask myself.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The Other Woman's Opinion.

"How well she preserves her youth."

"Yes. The stuff she puts on her face must be weatherproof."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Out of the Frying Pan.

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"There's not much use in our planning anything," said Mrs. Halsted, a trifle petulantly. "You don't know Mary. She's too contrary to agree with herself, and the minute she finds out that we want her to meet Ben she'll go off at a tangent and everything will be spoiled."

"There are more ways than one to kill a cat," replied Mrs. Markham succinctly. "Why do you let her find it out, then? Just let him take her by surprise. I'll arrange it so that he stops here on his way up to Wisconsin, where he goes for his vacation. He will just drop off for a day to see his aunt, and then our troubles will be over. There is no doubt whatever that they were made for each other, and they might as well have it over with. If I were you I'd have the wedding in October," she finished complacently.

"Well"— said the other doubtfully. And then: "How does Ben feel about it? After all, it mostly depends on how he takes it. Is he interested?"

"Indeed he is. He feels a little shy, I think, but he's willing to be shown. Says he's from Missouri. I think he's even anxious. But, as far as that goes, Mary is interested, too, only she is too independent to show it. Just give her a chance to meet him accidentally or unexpectedly and everything will be all right."

"Is that so!" ejaculated a girl in the dimly lit hall, though she suppressed her voice. "So I'm to have a blue ribbon tied about my neck and be exhibited to this eager young man from Missouri, am I?"

Once in her room she turned the lights on at either side of her dressing table and looked at herself in the glass. Her glowing dark face was anything but meek, and she turned the light off again with a little vicious snap and then sat down in the open window. She was angry—very angry, she told herself.

"The very idea of planning to marry me off to a man I've never seen and never want to see! It's positively medieval."

But presently the humorous side of it came to the rescue, as was usual with her, and she laughed as she undressed.

Early the next morning she wrote a long letter to her best friend, who was spending the summer at the lakes, and laughed gleefully as she ran downstairs to put it in the box. Early as she was, however, some one had been there before her. A letter was sticking out, and, thinking that the postman must have passed already, she pulled it out to see if it was hers.

"Mr. Ben Markham, Des Moines, Ia.," she read and jammed it viciously back into the box. "They aren't wasting any time at any rate. But it takes two to fall in love, Mr. Ben Markham, and I can't get away to marry you to-day," she sang, "nor this October either."

For two days she watched the mail closely, and on the third day the postman on his noon trip put into her outstretched hand the letter for which she was waiting. It was in a masculine script and addressed to Mrs. Markham. She carried it up to the lady in her room and then went on into her own, leaving the door open a crack. She was rewarded by hearing the guest say to her mother: "He's coming Thursday. He has tried to write indifferently, but"— And then she banged the door.

"He probably was indifferent. He would be if he were anything but a petticoat man! I should think he'd hate the sound of my name as badly as I do his. He would if he were anything but a mollycoddle!" And she wrote another brief note to Madge, telling her she would be down on the noon train Thursday.

On Wednesday while her mother and Mrs. Markham were out driving she got a large trunk safely away from the house.

"There is no use going down there without anything to wear," she philosophized. "I shall probably see other people quite as wonderful as Mr. Benjamin Markham and a great deal more interesting."

She thought she understood the amused glances which the older women gave her.

"They think they've got me trapped," she said to herself. And she spent the evening talking sweetly to Mrs. Markham until her mother came out to the piazza and asked her to run over to a neighbor's for something. When she came back Mrs. Markham was at the telephone in the hall, and her mother shut the door and kept her talking until the other came out. Mary grinned in the dark.

"They are planning some more little surprises, I presume," she thought.

The next morning no one seemed to notice that she was dressed in her pongee suit instead of her usual house gown, and she strolled down the street after breakfast slowly and carelessly, quite unconscious of the fact that the two women on the porch were having a good time at her expense.

"I hope to goodness that Ben didn't miss that train," said Mrs. Markham.

"That makes it twice as funny for him to be on the same train."

And Mary coolly entered the chair car, settled herself with deliberate satisfaction. "Mary, my child, you are too young for such deceit," she chuckled as she pulled down the shade. "But think of the eager young man's discomfiture when he finds that little Mary has flown." Then she became aware that the strange young man across the aisle was regarding her with much interest in his glance, and she lifted her chin a little and began to read her magazine. The young man went back to his paper, and after a little she looked him over surreptitiously. He was evidently a college man, she decided—clean cut, big and vigorous, with a clear, brown skin and gray eyes. And presently there came to her a haunting sense of familiarity. She thought she must have seen him somewhere.

The young man looked up to see her gazing speculatively at him, and their eyes met. Again she tilted her chin, but it was too late, for she had been caught, and the warm rosy red tingled in her cheeks and on her forehead. The man lifted his hat gravely, but with an amused twinkle.

Mary felt horribly embarrassed and humiliated. In sheer desperation she turned to the window to put it down. It worked more easily than she thought and before she could pull her arm back had caught and imprisoned the corner of the loose sleeve of her little pongee wrap. She could not pull it out without tearing it, and the suit was new. She spoke softly to the old man in front of her, but he did not hear. And then, while she bit her lip and flushed still more deeply, the young man from across the aisle had reached over her without a word, and her arm was free.

"Thank you," she said icily, and then in spite of herself she looked up and caught the gleam of a pin on his soft shirt. "Oh!" she exclaimed and then blushed again.

He whipped off his panama and bent down. "Please don't be formal. You see I'm from your own college, only I've been east since at a law school."

Later she asked suddenly: "Didn't you belong to the Dramatic club? Weren't you Benedict in your class play? That's where I must have seen you. The pictures are up in the clubroom, you know."

It was three hours later that the train pulled into the little station at Okeboji, and she realized that she did not even know the young man's name. "But Madge will remember, and she is a Dramatic club member and will probably be able to place him," she thought as she sat erect and wondered what she should say to him when she got off.

When the train stopped and she rose to go he didn't move.

"If you wait a moment, the aisle will be less crowded," he suggested, and she waited. Nothing spoke, and when the aisle was cleared he rose, picked up his hat, lifted his suit case from the seat across the aisle and followed her to the door. It had never occurred to her that he would be getting off here too.

Madge was waiting for her, and the two girls embraced, with a sudden ripple of laughter. The young man stepped to one side and waited, hat in hand.

"Did you escape him?" he heard Madge say, and Mary answered: "Easily as you please. But they'll be furious when they find out what I've done. He's there by this time, and"— They turned around to go to the waiting train, and Madge caught sight of the man.

"There!" she almost screamed and stared at the young man, and from him to Mary. "Why, you must be insane! Don't you know"— The man drew closer, and Madge suddenly laughed at the utter bewilderment on Mary's face.

"What are you talking about? You must be insane yourself! Why"—

Madge wiped her eyes and held out her hand to the man.

"You have hopped out of the frying pan straight into the fire, my dear," she said to the dazed girl. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Ben Markham."

* * * * * * *

It was quite six weeks before he dared to tell Mary that he had not run away from her, too, as she had interpreted his presence on the train, but had been there by design. When she heard that her mother had met the trunk on its way to the station the day before she left and Mrs. Markham had telephoned her nephew she gave up in despair.

"You see," said the man, "you might at least have given me the chance I was giving you. I felt as much like a fool as you did, only I was willing to be shown, and you—well, you were afraid."

"I wasn't," said Mary. "But at any rate we will not be married in October. That would be too much. Your aunt actually said, 'If I were you, I'd have an October wedding,' to my mother, just as if I had nothing to do with it. We will show them that they can't manage everything."

"We will!" said Ben firmly. "We'll be married in September."

The Only Convert.

For some years there had been a Presbyterian mission at the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska, but there were few converts. The missionary hit on a brilliant plan. There were some bucks on the reservation who had been at the Carlisle school, where they had studied singing. He organized a quartet. The bucks liked to show off their hymns. One of them had a yellow dog that always accompanied his master to church.

At first the Indians liked the singing; then they grew tired of it. Even the choir lost its religion. It became a trio, then a duet; finally the solo quit. A new missionary came into the field. One day he ascended the pulpit and looked around. The only sign of life in the pews was a yellow dog. Calling to the sexton, he said, "Put that dog out."

"Excuse me," replied the sexton mildly. "I'd rather not. The fact is he is the only convert."—Saturday Evening Post.

SHEPHERD CARVERS.

The Lonely Sheep Tenders of the California Sierras.

There are few lonelier lives in the world than those lived by shepherds in the high meadows of the California Sierras. All alone they follow their sheep, seeing no one for many months of the year but the sheep, their dogs and perhaps an occasional—a very occasional—traveler. Probably this solitude dries up the springs of speech, for they are said to be very silent when they do encounter any one.

One of these strange men is a Basque from the Pyrenees. A lean, dark visaged, ragged fellow, he is now and then overtaken by some wanderer in the mountains. Along the trail before him his sheep feed. His mongrel collie hangs at his heels. He may raise his stick in mute salutation; he may slouch by without a sign. Yet this uncouth being has one talent—he can carve. His amusement is carving quaint sheep buckles out of bone. Every herd has its bellwether, about whose neck hangs a bell. The bell depends from a leather collar, and it is the buckles of these collars that this old Basque shepherd and some of these other Sierra shepherds make in the course of their lonely days. Sometimes a buckle represents a summer's work, for some of them are very elaborate. Some are in the semblance of saints or angels, some have the monograms of the sheep owners or of the shepherds in curious designs. All are patiently cut, bit by bit, with the pocketknife of the shepherd.—Exchange.

DIET AND SLEEP.

Eating Before Retiring and Digestion During Slumber.

Diet has little influence on sleep except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion and through these of the general balance of health.

The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, milk, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children after poking the spoon into their little eyes nod off over the tea table, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal.

Indeed, a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in American Magazine.

The Tenors' Parts.

Probably the composers are largely responsible for tenor worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Rienzi," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Siegfried," "Parsifal." This being so, we shall probably continue to be subject to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it be true, as was maintained at a conclave of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.—Argonaut.

Poems, Pictures and Songs.

It takes all kinds of people to make up a world and all kinds of poetry to make up a world literature. Despite the efforts of the critics to lay down definite canons of judgment for the literary, pictorial and musical arts most of us continue to like a poem, a picture or a song for no better reason than because we like it. It appeals to us, and if it does that it is for us a true poem, picture or song. Whether it is to be classed among the great products of art is another question. That depends upon the universality and permanence of the appeal it makes.—Current Literature.

Trifling Favors.

Mrs. Jones—That old maid next door is the most brazen borrower I know! Mrs. Brown—Indeed! Mrs. Jones—Yes. Why, only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband for an hour to clean her sewing machine, thrash a man who had insulted her and discharge her cook.—London Scraps.

Pretty Bad.

"Well," asked Stinjay, "what do you think of the cigar? My doctor especially recommended that brand to me."

"H'm!" coughed Knox. "So he wants to cure you of the tobacco habit, eh?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Mission.

"She always reminds me of a public office."

"That's curious."

"Not so very. She's continually seeking the man, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suspicious.

Horse Dealer—'E jumps well, 'e trots beautiful, 'e's as quiet as a lamb, and I'll let you 'ave 'im cheap. Possible Purchaser—Why, what's wrong with him?—London Answers.

Woman is a thing of beauty and an expense forever.—Life.

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The Schoolmaster

By HERMAN LEWIS.

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There was no doubt that Farmer Watkins was the richest man at Robinson's Corners, and there was no doubt that his nineteen-year-old daughter was the best looking and best educated girl for five miles around. In one way that was saying much, for the other farmers were poor and the other girls rather plain and uneducated, but in another way it amounted to very little to an outsider. The schoolmaster was an outsider. He had come from a distance of fifty miles to teach the winter term at the Corners. He was a young man of twenty-three, slim and pale faced, and the "big boys" who were to attend the term smiled and chuckled at sight of him. There were half a dozen who "reckoned" they could stand him on his head if he got too fresh.

It was Farmer Watkins who engaged the young man. He was president of the school board, and what he said went. It was his daughter Jennie who decided him in this. She was his only child, and he was a widower, and what she said also went. There were also a dozen other applicants, and she threw her influence for Walter Crane for a very curious reason. He was the only one among the applicants who had the manners of a gentleman and the only one who appeared to her to be her superior in education. The school didn't require and had never had a gentleman for a teacher. It did not require and had never had an educated man.

The pupils were a rough and ignorant lot, attending when they pleased and doing about as they pleased. Sometimes the farmers' sons of eighteen, strong as horses and rough as bears, had broken up the school after four weeks; sometimes they had let it continue on until spring. Sometimes the "big girls" had rushed the master and rolled him in a snowdrift and shattered his dignity, and sometimes they had been content to turn the schoolroom into a sewing bee and laugh at him as he protested.

And now they were going to try a new teacher, and Jennie Watkins had plans to make him trouble from the very start. She had no particular dislike, but she wanted to see him taken down a peg—several pegs. He had too much assurance—too much confidence in himself. Why, at the examination of candidates at her father's house, when Mr. Crane had been asked what ocean surrounded Switzerland he had smiled and replied none at all, when she knew as well as could be that it was the Atlantic. She didn't say anything then, but she saved it up for some future time. She had always spelled the word "dissipated" with one "s," but he went right at it and spelled it with two, and even produced a spelling book to show that he was right. She had always answered that the Rocky mountains were in Kansas, and when he moved them farther west her cheeks got red and she put a rod in pickle for him. That young man was pretending that he knew altogether too much. He was even condescending a little to her father, and he wasn't paying half enough attention to her.

Mr. Crane secured board at the house of a farmer's widow and opened his school. He announced that it was to begin at 9 a. m. Heretofore it had begun at almost any hour to suit the scholars. He made this announcement without consulting Farmer Watkins and without Farmer Watkins consulting his daughter. This was another sign of his independence.

He insisted on having dry instead of green wood for the big box stove, and he insisted on repairs to the stove to carry the smoke away. There was no blackboard, and he made and painted one. Some of the benches were broken, and he asked that they be repaired. There were some panes of glass needed in the windows, a lock on the door and a new tin water pail, and before school actually opened the teacher was being looked upon as a living curiosity.

He had gone through the neighborhood and made a brief call at every house to ascertain how many scholars he would have and to form their acquaintance in advance. His call did not last longer at the Watkins' house than elsewhere. He was gentlemanly, unembarrassed and a ready talker, and Jennie had just begun to wonder if she wouldn't like him after all when he picked up some poetry she had been writing and had left where he was certain to see it and criticised her rhymes and the spelling of three or four different words. He did worse. He suggested that she attend school, and failing in that, he would assist her of an evening now and then. The girl restrained herself from killing him on the spot, but she said to herself that his career would be brief and full of tribulation. She went to her father for sympathy, but after she had stated her case her surprise was unbounded to hear him reply:

"Well, mebbe you do make a mistake here and there. This eddecation is such a tangled up thing that I can't see how anybody ever spells 'cat' twice alike. I guess that young feller sorter knows what he's about."

The custom in district schools all over America is to give a new master a week before proceeding to let him understand who runs that schoolhouse. The rule was followed in this case. There were those who thought there would be no outbreak. Miss Jennie Watkins was not one of them. She hadn't exactly conspired, but she had had something to say to several of the big boys and girls. Just a week, and then five or six gaunt and overgrown girls "rushed" the master. He took it as a joke, and it was the girls who were buried in the snowdrifts. Mr. Crane said that he would dismiss school any day for fifteen minutes to enable the pupils to indulge in athletic exercises. Miss Jennie was indignant when one of the bedraggled girls came along and stated the result of the rush. She went to her father about it, and after thinking it over he answered:

"Mebbe it wasn't the most dignifiedest thing that ever happened, but I can't see where it's going to do any hurt. If the gals begun it, then it wasn't his fault."

That night the schoolmaster dropped in at Robinson's to see about having some clothes pegs put up. Miss Jennie was ready for him. There were three or four others present, and at a proper moment she asked him to demonstrate a certain example in mathematics.

"Excuse me," he smilingly replied, "but you pronounce the word as 'de-mon-strate.' It is dem-on-strate."

"I beg your pardon."

"And I beg yours."

A pocket dictionary settled the dispute in the teacher's favor, and then and there the husky son of a farmer, who was present, whispered to the chagrined girl that he'd lick the teacher before Saturday came again, and she didn't say a word against it.

Two or three days later it became known all over the neighborhood that it was Mr. Crane's last week. He was to be licked out of the neighborhood. If he heard, he went his way the same as before. Friday afternoon was the time appointed, and Will Hayes was the champion selected. When school was called again after dinner there were several visitors, and on the fences outside sat a dozen farmers. Instead of calling up the class in geography, the teacher took from his desk a pair of boxing gloves and said:

"There are several young men here who would probably like to learn the art of boxing. The man who is a man stands up squarely instead of roughing it. Will, wouldn't you like to step outdoors and put these on with me?"

Will said he would. That's what he was aching to do. Ten minutes later he was aching to get the gloves off. He had been jolted and jarred and knocked head over heels until he thought his head was as big as a barrel. It had all been done in a good natured way, but beneath it he read the lesson, and that night he said to one of his cronies:

"Say, if that feller should turn himself loose once we'd be little lambs 'longside of him. One of his swats would knock a barn off its underpinnings."

That put a quietus on any further thoughts of insurrection, and Miss Jenny said to herself that she hated the young man from the depths of her heart. He called and corrected her grammar, and her hate was intensified. He called and found fault because her verses made "sorrow" rhyme with "tailor," and she stamped her foot. The girls wouldn't try another rush, and the boys refused to tackle him, while her father said that things were going better than ever before. In this emergency she turned to herself. There was a small lake on which the teacher used to skate for an hour in the evening. Sometimes he had company and sometimes he was alone. The family and the family daughter might have been missed just at dusk one evening. Later on the family daughter might have been asked the cause of her restlessness. She was up and down all over the house, and she finally put on her hood and cloak and went out into the night. It was she with a long pole who pulled the teacher out of the air hole into which he had skated and was in danger of drowning. It was she who wrapped her cloak around his shivering form as men carried him to her father's house. It was she who acted as nurse for the next three days, and it was she who hid her face in her hands and said:

"I'm an awful wicked girl. I cut that air hole in the lake, hoping you would skate into it and be drowned."

"But I wasn't, you see," replied Crane.

"No-o-o-o, and I'm so glad!"

"And so am I. I wanted something to happen so that I could tell you—tell you—so that I could"—

And he demonstrated what he meant, and she accepted the pronunciation of the word without appealing to the dictionary.

He Changed His Mind.

A buyer for a large cotton house invariably paid only half for his goods and gave his note for the other half. This note he rarely met. As the buyer was a sterling fellow in every other respect, his friends all agreed simply to charge him double, and then, of course, destroy the worthless note.

One day, after effecting a $1,500 purchase for which, as usual, he was charged $3,000, he gave, after the customary grumbling over the high prices asked, $1,500 in cash and his note for another $1,500.

"Now," said he, "where's my little present coming in?"

The merchant thought for a moment, then took down a box from a shelf and unwrapped a beautiful shawl. "Perhaps your wife might fancy this," said he.

"That shawl, sir! And on a $3,000 order, sir! Your generosity is incomprehensible, sir!"

Over the face of the merchant there beamed a radiantly beneficent smile.

"You are right, sir. I'll give you something more like." Taking out his wallet, he smoothed out the $1,500 note he had just received. "Here, I can't do better than this, sir," tendering the note.

Surprise, embarrassment, sheepishness on the part of the other, and then, softly, "I'll take the shawl!"—Harper's Weekly.

Her Note Was Final.

The proprietor of a large drug store recently received this curt and haughty note written in an angular feminine hand: "I do not want vasoline, but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoom you can spell."

An Exacting Trainer.

"Who won that long distance walking match?"

"Spriggins."

"He did! Who was his trainer?"

"His ten-months-old baby."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The best portraits are those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature.—Macaulay.

AN ALL DAY CIGAR.

The Kind Smoked by a Tribe of South American Indians.

Cigars a foot and a half long, which are made for one day's smoking, are shown in the American Museum of Natural History. With them is a holder which looks like a tuning fork and is large enough to be used for pitching hay.

Far up the Rio Nigra, a tributary of the Amazon, two explorers made a collection of articles for the museum. The Indians there made cigars eighteen inches long and as big around as a child's arm. One of these cigars is too much for any sane loving man to clasp, so the Indians put the fragrant roll between the tines of a fork two and a half feet long, stick the sharp end of the handle into the ground at a convenient distance from their hammocks and take a puff from time to time as they sway lazily backward and forward.

There are many other picturesque articles in the collection, which was made during a three months' journey from the coast. The material is of the highest value, and nothing like it has been seen except a few articles in a German museum.—New York Herald.

STEAMSHIP NAMES.

The Way They Are Shortened In the Companies' Offices.

No matter how long or difficult of pronunciation may be the name of a steamer, the passenger agents and clerks of the various steamship lines make an effort to be correct in using it when selling tickets to customers. Occasionally they make a slip of the tongue and call the steamer by the nickname used in the office when passengers are not around. The steamers of the Atlantic Transport line, the Minneapolis, the Minnetonka and the Minnehaha, are referred to generally as the "Minnies." Individually the Minnetonka is called the "Tonk" and the Mesaba the "Mes." The Red line Vaderland is called "Father," the Finland the "Fin" and the Kroonland and the Zeeland the "Kroon" and the "Zee," respectively. The prefix St. is dropped when reference is made to the St. Paul; the St. Louis is called "Louie" and the Philadelphia is called the "Phillie." The North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in the parlance of the office force is the "Big Bill" and the Kaiser Wilhelm II. is "Billy Two."—New York Tribune.

Rice In the Salt.

There is no denying the fact that salt will not run out of a shaker in humid weather. It is a very clever mineral; knows enough to stay in when it rains. There is no better barometer. The best thing ever known to cause the salt to run is rice. Heat a teaspoonful of rice on the stove and put it in the salt shaker with the salt. The hot rice quickly absorbs all the moisture and the salt issues forth as dry as the sands of the desert. Twenty grains of rice are sufficient for a small shaker. Although it has only pinholes in the top, the salt will not pack in the most humid weather.—New York Press.

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Ordinance No. 68.

RELATING TO THE LICENSE OF EXHIBITIONS AND AMENDING ORDINANCE NO. 30, RELATING TO SAME.

Be it ordained and it is hereby enacted that Ordinance No. 30, which reads as follows: "Relating to the License of Exhibitions, &c. It is hereby ordained and enacted &c. That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to exhibit any show or other performance for pay within the borough limits without first obtaining from the burgess a license for that purpose, and paying for the same for use of said borough, to-wit: For circuses, menageries, or the two combined, not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, at the discretion of the burgess. For any other show, performance or exhibition, such as wax figures, puppets, paintings, slight of hand feats, wire or rope walking or dancing, theatres, magic lanterns, negro minstrels, concerts, lectures, &c. &c., such sum as the burgess may think proper to charge, not exceeding ten dollars nor less than one dollar for each and every exhibition. Any one and all persons violating this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof before the burgess or any justice of the peace forfeit and pay for each and every offense a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars, for the use of the borough, provided that no charge shall be made for licenses granted for lecturers on subjects purely moral, religious scientific or literary, or for concerts of good moral character, and of this exception the burgess shall be sole judge," be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Relating to the License of Exhibitions, &c.

It is hereby ordained and enacted, &c.—That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to exhibit any show or other performance for pay within the borough limits without first obtaining from the burgess a license for that purpose, and paying for the same for use of said borough, to-wit: For circuses, menageries, or the two combined, not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, at the discretion of the burgess. For any other show, performance or exhibition, such as wax figures, puppets, paintings, slight of hand feats, wire or rope walking or dancing, theatres, magic lanterns, negro minstrels, concerts, lectures, &c., &c., such sum as the burgess may think proper to charge, not exceeding ten dollars nor less than one dollar for each and every exhibition. For theatres, or theatoriums, the sum of twenty-five dollars per annum. Any one and all persons violating this ordinance, shall upon conviction thereof before the burgess or any justice of the peace, forfeit and pay for each and every offense a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the borough, provided that no charge shall be made for licenses granted for lecturers on subjects purely moral, religious, scientific or literary, or for concerts of good moral character, and of this exception the burgess shall be sole judge.

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